

5159
171

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Copyrighted for 1880, by RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, William and Spruce Streets, New York City.

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 137.

{ RICHARD K. FOX,
William & Spruce Sts., }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

{ \$4.00 Per Year,
1.00 "Quarter. } Price Ten Cents.



MAY MOVING—HOW SOME OF THE PERPLEXITIES, AND ANNOYANCES INCIDENT TO MOVING TIME ARE SWEETENED AND MADE ENDURABLE—A CESSION OF DOMESTIC HOSTILITIES EFFECTED BY AN OLD-FASHIONED "SMACK" OF PEACE—A SCENE IN A HOUSEHOLD THAT WAS ALL BROKEN UP.—SEE PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
183 William Street, Cor. Spruce New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....	\$4.00
One copy, six months.....	2.00
One copy, three months.....	1.00
Single copies.....	Ten Cents

To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.
Postage paid to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 183 William street, (P. O. Box 40) New York city.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S

GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTSMEN.

The immense favor which has been bestowed upon our "Theatrical Gallery" of famous foot-light favorites, has demonstrated the popularity of this feature of the GAZETTE, and induced the management to add a companion feature in giving each week the portrait of different men who have won fame in the world of sport.

Every one of the characters selected will be chosen only on their merit, and because of their popularity, and the collection will possess a genuine value to all who take an interest in athletics. The many attractive features which now distinguish the GAZETTE will be enhanced by the addition of this novelty. Every reader who takes an interest in sporting matters, will appreciate this splendid addition, and should notify his friends of the fact.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
OF NEW YORK

Is now considered a standard of journalistic excellence, everything that appears in its columns being the best attainable.

Back numbers always on hand, and can be obtained by sending to the office of publication.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to receive the names and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

X. Y. Z., Indianapolis, Ind.—Look on another page.

M. O. S., Newark, N. J.—All right. Placed on file. Not to date.

N. M., Chief of Police, Ironton, O.—Photo will appear next week; thanks.

J. S., Toronto, Can.—Have already published the affair. Send photos.

H. T., Denver, Col.—Has been done an indefinite number of times. Nothing new.

F. D., Cincinnati.—Communication worthless; give us something of more interest.

C. S., Cleveland, O.—Have no means of finding out; address a letter to postmaster of that place.

A. C., Kansas City, Mo.—The subject has already been written to death. Get hold of something new.

SAM HATCH, Lockport, N. Y.—No. The affair actually occurred in your city. Have a correspondent already.

J. B., Baltimore, Md.—The confession of Uderzoek is pronounced as bogus. "Consequently did not touch it."

M. J., Wheeling, Va.—Portraits are better than such local items as you send. Of no interest except to a few.

B. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Report the matter to the captain of your precinct. He will, doubtless, remedy the evil.

B. T., Rochester, N. Y.—Will shortly publish a book containing all the portraits of famous actresses, with their biography.

W. H., Rochester, N. Y.—How do we know whether the affair will come off or not? You have their word for it the same as ourselves.

M. W., Reading, Pa.—Have the matter under advisement. Look out for next week's issue if you wish to learn all about the affair.

G. F., Trenton, N. J.—Don't make any such mistake again. The GAZETTE is printed and published in New York. It has no branch offices.

M. W., Cleveland, O.—The fight will occur May 11. Portraits of Donovan and Cooke will appear next week. So you can judge for yourself what they look like.

A. H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—No, sir. The GAZETTE has no connection with any other establishment. Any one who attempts to palm off imitations of the genuine article on you is a fraud.

C. B., Holyoke, Mass.—"Glimpses of Gotham and City Characters" is already published. If your newsdealers cannot furnish you with a copy, send to 183 William street, New York.

MARCHING ALONG.

The GAZETTE is now looked upon as a standard of journalistic excellence in all that pertains to artistic work and enterprise. There is hardly a corner of the globe where it does not find its way, and admiration is as universal as its circulation. There can be but one conclusion deduced from this fact, and that is that the people recognize and appreciate true merit, and find in the GAZETTE the realization of this quality. The past few weeks have been the most notable in its long career, each succeeding issue being a perfect reflex of the spirit and body of the time in which we live. The greater the undertaking, the more zealous has its management been in accomplishing it, and the result is plain to every one. This week's number furnishes more proof that we still live and move along at the same old go-ahead gait. Realizing the great interest that all of our readers would feel in the San Francisco tragedy, we at once instituted measures to place before them an authentic pictorial history of the affair, and how well we have succeeded we leave them to judge. By means of telegraphic sketches every incident is portrayed as vividly as life. In addition we give correct portraits of both the James boys, something which none of our illustrated contemporaries have been able to do. We have the endorsement of the bold Jesse that they are correct, and no one is better able to decide in the matter than himself. He evidently does not fear the publicity which our vast circulation will give him, but characteristically courts the danger a familiarity with his features will place him in his career of outlawry. His visit to St. Louis last week was one of the most daring of his many adventures, but we predict that in the future such visits will be a little more dangerous.

"Taking one consideration with another" it is safe to say that the GAZETTE is the finest paper in the world. Everybody says so, and of course, it must be true.

KALLOCH-DE YOUNG.

The murder of Charles De Young, editor and part proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* by young Kalloch, is the natural sequence to what from the first has been a scandalous affair. No one who has considered the causes which led up to this tragedy will have been surprised that such should be the result. A spirit of lawlessness has been fostered and encouraged by demagogues of the Kearney and Kalloch stripe, the outcome of which has been a disregard for law and decency in the city of San Francisco.

And what these two blatherskites have been to the rostrum in promoting this state of affairs, De Young was to the press. Billinggate and vituperation have been their weapons to effect what they chose to call reform. Masters of this style of warfare they have assailed each other with lies by the wholesale, with an occasional grain of truth to season the lot. When one stock of falsehoods was exhausted, their fertile imaginations readily supplied them with more, and so unscrupulous were they in their use of them that family character was assailed and the dead maligned. For an attack on his mother's virtue, De Young attempted Kalloch's life; and every man who has any spirit of fairness in his nature will admit that his manner of revenge was cowardly in the extreme. One can admire the man who would defend the honor of his home even to the extent of dyeing his hand in the blood of the traducer; but when the vindication is sought in a sneaking, shoot-in-the-back manner, all sympathy is smothered with contempt. Since De Young's attempt to assassinate Kalloch the public at large have not been disposed to look upon him as a man of the proper calibre. And he assisted still further in meriting contempt by traveling the country over in search of evidence to prove his opponent worse than he had already painted him, a task which shows him to have been vindictive to devilishness. Kalloch was bad enough in all conscience without any further exposure, and, if let alone, would eventually have found his level. Mr. De Young seems to have ignored this fact, and his life is the penalty.

For his assassin there are no extenuating circumstances. Directly, he had no business in interfering. He has thrust himself forward and become a murderer, and the law of the land should mete out to him the consequences.

JERSEY JUSTICE.

There was hanged at Newton, N. J., on the 24th ult., an old man by the name of Crill. He killed his daughter on the 5th of June last, as he claimed, while in fit of passion, superinduced by sickness and mental worry. During his trial it was shown that he had been for many years a sufferer from dyspepsia, and at times so acute were his pains that he lost all control of himself. The average Jersey jurymen is so great a stickler for justice, of some kind or other, that the case was decided solely upon what appeared on the surface, without the slightest consideration of its medical phases.

It will strike most people, especially dyspeptics, that this manner of dealing with human life is

not in strict conformity with law, and that no good end will be subserved in thus dispensing it. Probably not one man who decided against Crill's further existence has not had moments of suffering when his mind was so unbalanced that he would have considered himself irresponsible afterward for any act which he might have committed while in that state; and yet it was shown that Crill was in a chronic state of suffering, and the deed was committed when his disease was in its most acute form. Every circumstance in connection with the murder went to show that at the time of its commission his mind was in a deranged state from the effects of his disorder. He had always been a good father, as fathers go, and had no motive for taking his daughter's life, save that she annoyed him while he was suffering. During his confinement in jail his conduct was such as no man in his right senses would be guilty of. His diet was of a kind that would have pleased Cawley in his most economical moments. But the flat had gone forth that he must die, and all these extenuating considerations were ignored; and to the melody of slow music he was sent to that bourne where dyspepsia and Jersey justice are unknown. Perhaps this was the real object his judges had in view when they found him guilty. It looks very much like it, else more charity would have been shown to this poor dyspepsia-wracked wretch than an ignominious death on the gallows.

MOVING DAY.

Its Trials and Tribulations—How it Affects the Family, and How They Act—Snaps and Snarls, Smiles and Kisses.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There appears to be three stages to a moving. In this respect it is something like a disease. First there are the symptoms, then follows the attack, and after that comes the convalescence. The symptoms are the evidence of the calamity which in moving are known as "packing." There is no particular time set to "pack up." It depends on the amount of nervous force possessed by the woman of the house. The more nervous she is the earlier packing commences, and the more thorough it is. About two weeks before you move you notice a shrinking in the goblets. The dozen complete ones have shrunk down to a single cracked member of the order, and you feed your guest lemonade from a tea-cup while you modestly inhale yours from the dipper. The whole goblets are packed up. Pretty soon the spoons melt away, leaving but one companion to do the stirring for the entire family, with what awkward assistance a knife handle will render. Then follow the surplus cups. They go as effectually as if they had been driven into the earth by a trip hammer, and the desolation they leave behind is great indeed.

As time advances the symptoms grow more pronounced, and just preceding the breaking out of the disease itself they are quite violent.

The extra plates follow the extra cups, and the knives and forks ditto. Then such trifles as the napkins and salt cellars go in a lump, and when the last meal is served, with a knuckle of ham which there is no time to dust, and bread which there is no need to butter, the disease has taken a good square hold, and can safely be depended upon to have its run.

The disease rarely runs less than twenty-four hours. But it don't lose a minute of the time.

In packing up so in putting down the prevailing idea is to get everything somewhere, and to get it there in the most direct way possible. This explains why the stove-lifter is put in the bureau drawer and the picture nails in the tub with the tin-ware.

In the new home the kitchen stove is left in the hall. The bedding is piled up on the pictures in the parlor. The best bedstead is placed in the dining-room and the extension table in the sitting-room, and between the four apartments are barriers of carpets, knick-knacks, boxes and the like.

Moving is like tumbling into a ditch down one bank and crawling out again up the other bank. We go from order into chaos, and from chaos we gradually work, stage by stage, back to order again, but coming out on the opposite side.

The amiable housewife becomes a sort of shrew, and snaps and snarls as naturally as if this ill-temper were a part of her nature. Then the unruffled Benedict is called upon to exercise all of his diplomacy to tide over a regular storm, and a kiss bestowed just at the right time often does the business.

Any defects in packing up show up in a glaring light in the unpacking. Fortunately, people that move are married, and so have some one always convenient to lay the blame on. Otherwise, moving would be simply unendurable.

About the first to be done in the new house on the first night is to get a bed up. The next thing is to climb over a variety of articles and get into it. The next day the bed can be taken down so that the carpet may be laid. Once in a while a man thinks he will surprise and delight his wife by doing something unexpected for her. So while she is getting to rights at one end of the house he puts down a carpet all alone by himself at the other end, and gets nearly all the furniture belonging to the room in its place before she discovers what he is doing, and also that he has left the papers from under the carpet. She admires his motive, of course, but is so conservative in the expression of her gratitude that much of its significance is lost. But the convalescence proceeds. The knuckle of ham comes out again and is finished. The castor is found. The butter dish appears, and the butter itself is rescued from its perilous surroundings. The next day the teacups begin to show themselves, and before night most of the knives and forks have got around. On the third day the napkins and salt cellars, with two or three spoons fall into line.

and on the fourth day these are joined by the goblets and the rest of the spoons.

By the time the week is out most of the table articles have put in an appearance, and shortly after the kitchen stove begins to draw, and now matters progress without difficulty, and the convalescence ends in restored health.

VICTORY AND DEATH.

Freed From an Obnoxious Wife and Wedded to Death.

TARBORO, N. C., April 25.—In the year 1877 Jacob Webber married Rosa Turner. Webber was a German, who had settled in Tarboro immediately after the war, and had succeeded in acquiring an estate valued at \$10,000, in the baking and confectionery business. He was considerably past middle age, and his appearance indicated that his steps were fast going down the decline of life. Rosa Turner was a prepossessing lassie, a little turned of fifteen at the date of her marriage.

Domestic infelicities marred the honeymoon, if, indeed, their moon was possessed of the toothsome liquid. The aged groom charged that his fair bride had forgotten a certain but very material portion of her marital vows within four days of the ceremony. They quarreled, fought and parted. Again she was taken to his bosom. But the old man, it seems, could not comfort the caged bird, and she sought solace in the society of certain gay Lotharios. The jealous husband again charged infidelity upon his young wife, and again they

QUARRELED AND PARTED.

They are next heard of figuring respectively as plaintiff and defendant on the Edgecombe Superior Court Divorce Docket. He charged multitudinous adulteries at various and continuous times, and with divers persons; she alleged drunkenness, brutality and cruel treatment on the part of her liege lord. His attorneys always urged a trial; hers were equally strenuous in staving it off. Judge Henry allowed her alimony in the sum of \$40 per month, which was reduced afterward to \$15, and finally cut off altogether.

Last night the case of Jacob Webber vs. Rosa Webber was called. Judge Howard announced the readiness of the plaintiff, and Messrs. Phillips and Bunn said the defendant was prepared for trial. Several witnesses were introduced by plaintiff, proving conclusively the allegations in the complaint. Counsel addressed the jury at length, and ably; the judge charged them pointedly, fairly and impartially. The jury found all the issues in favor of the plaintiff, and returned their verdict into court.

Scarcely had five minutes elapsed after the rendition of the verdict before it was announced that

JACOB WEBBER WAS DEAD.

The case had attracted a large crowd to the court house, but neither plaintiff nor defendant was present during the trial. Through the large crowd the news spread, and the only observation was: "Death in the moment of victory." The severing of the bonds of the laws of God and man was almost simultaneous. Mr. Webber had for a long time been a hard drinker, and was also afflicted with hernia. It is said that he received a kick on Monday night while he was in a drunken condition, during an altercation, but the general opinion is that he was the victim of alcohol.

"SONNY, RUN HOME."

A Masher Mashed all in a Heap by Perspective Glimpses of a No. 11.

He was a pert young man with a Picadilly collar and kid gloves who was strolling leisurely down North Main street on Monday evening. He smoked a cigarette and twirled between his fingers a tiny cane, which might have been mistaken for a fairy's wand. At Schumann's he met a nice young lady and determined to "mash" her. He "smile" one of his sweetest smiles, and the young lady, after a moment's embarrassment, smiled also. Here was a chance. The pert young man turned, followed and overtook her at Blanding's drug store. He introduced himself without hesitation, and found the lady extremely affable.

"Would she have some refreshments in Jenne's? No? Might he then have the pleasure of accompanying her home?" "Yes, he might." A delightful walk; a delightful companion. Arriving at the lady's home in the north end, he inquired if he might have the pleasure of calling on her some evening during the week. "Oh, yes; any time; will be happy to see you." What a charming lady! "Would he not go in then?" "No,"—but how could he resist her solicitation? The lady brought him into the parlor. How comfortable everything was. As he reclined in an easy chair, visions of future bliss passed before the mind of the pert young man. The lady left the room, and, after a moment's absence, returned accompanied by a tall, broad-shouldered man and two children. Pert young man began to feel sick. "Mr. Loftus, let me introduce my husband and children." Young man's hair commenced to stand on end, while the whole family seemed to enjoy the situation. The lady went to a cupboard, cut a slice of bread, and, handing it to the young man, said: "Now, sonny, take this and run home, or your mother may be anxious about you." The pert young man backed out of the door, keeping his eyes on the husband's boot, and, reaching the sidewalk, darted down the street as though ten thousand furies were after him. The children had a dispute about the ownership of the tiny cane. Young men, take warning.—*Providence Telegram.*

The recent storm in Caldwell county, Ky., was a regular hurricane. A log house occupied by negroes was carried away in sections, and a bed containing two persons was carried off fifty yards and set down without harming the inmates.

KALLOCH-DE YOUNG.

The Former Perforates the Latter,
and Furnishes the Second Act
in a Scandalous Drama.

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH

Is Slander, and They Who Villify
and Blackguard Will Run
Amuck.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—This city is in a wild state of excitement over the bloody murder of Charles De Young, who was shot dead in the *Chronicle* office on the night of April 23, by I. M. Kalloch, son of I. S. Kalloch, whom De Young himself had shot with murderous intent some time ago. With the imprisonment of Dennis Kearney the people of San Francisco had reason to hope that peace, law and order would once again prevail; but now the spirit of crime and devilry is again abroad, and the city is shaken from centre to circumference; all the bad blood is again stirred up; old-time foes are again matched against each other, and on every street corner there is a buzz of animated excitement. The terrible tragedy of the murder of De Young took place at 7:30. All was quiet and orderly in the *Chronicle* office. Charles De Young arrived in a coupe from his private residence and was getting ready for his editorial work for the night. The son of I. S. Kalloch appeared and the murder with a revolver followed.

It was an act of revenge. Last August 23d, on a pleasant Saturday afternoon, Charles De Young shot I. S. Kalloch in a very cowardly manner. De Young drove to a hotel where Kalloch stopped. A messenger was sent in while De Young remained in his carriage. Kalloch came out, when suddenly De Young drew a pistol and

SHOT HIM DOWN.

Kalloch reeled and turned his breast, when De Young again shot him. A crowd then assaulted De Young and had it not been for the police he would have been killed. Kalloch was the champion of the working-men and they called for the blood of his attempted murderer. Great excitement prevailed. The two De Youngs who own the *Chronicle* said they had attacked Kalloch because he had called them "the two bastard sons of a prostitute." Kalloch recovered and was elected Mayor of San Francisco.

Since then the most bitter feeling has existed between the De Young and Kalloch factions, the *Chronicle* continuing its abuse of Kalloch and his family until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Kalloch's son became deeply exasperated, and he determined to take the law in his own hands. As De Young shot his father, so he served De Young, only De Young died almost instantly, while Kalloch recovered, but still carried one of the bullets in his body. The particulars of this sad tragedy, with the causes which led up to it, are as follows:

Just before 8 o'clock in the evening, Charles De Young entered the business office of the *Chronicle*. The office is situated on the first floor of the new building, at Kearney and Bush streets, and is accessible from either street by means of a wide door, which opens directly on the corner. Before passing behind the counter to the private room of his brother, which was his destination, Mr. De Young stopped in the outer office to converse with a few intimate friends who were congregated around the cashier's desk. He stood leaning against the counter, talking in a low tone to his friends, when suddenly the door opened, and I. M. Kalloch, the son of the Mayor, stepped quickly in. Nobody seems to have noticed him until he appeared close by De Young, and thrust his revolver into his face. He said nothing, and before a motion could be made to arrest his arm, he fired at his victim. De Young was taken so completely by surprise that, although the ball had passed harmlessly by him, he was for a moment dazed and bewildered, and staggered back against the counter. None of his friends seem to have had presence of mind enough to seize the murderer, and he fired another shot at De Young. The latter, still unharmed, now rallied from his temporary stupor, and rushing through the gate, went toward the cashier's desk, followed by another ball from Kalloch's pistol. On reaching the desk, he turned and

LEVELLED HIS OWN REVOLVER.

at his assailant, but he seemed unable to steady himself to take aim. Kalloch took advantage of this weakness in his adversary, and, leaning over the counter, fired a fourth shot, which struck De Young in the mouth. The assassin then turned and started for the door, and not a hand was raised to stop him. Everybody in the office seemed to have lost his presence of mind at the first report of the pistol, and all stood quietly by while the murder was being done. As Kalloch started for the door, De Young, grasping the counter with his left hand, raised his pistol with the right as if to fire, but his strength failed him, the pistol dropped from his hand, and, with a scarcely audible groan, he sank backward on the floor. Then, for the first time the witnesses of the tragedy seemed to recover their senses. They ran behind the counter and raised the head of the wounded man. It was covered with blood, and life was fast passing away. In a very few moments from the entrance of the

assassin Charles De Young lay on the floor of his own office, a dead man.

The reports of the pistol, heard in the streets, had attracted a crowd of people around the door of the office, and as Kalloch appeared, with the pistol still in his hand, he was instantly seized by a citizen and handed over to a policeman, who came running up at the moment. He was, to all appearances, calm and collected, and made no attempt to resist arrest. He handed the pistol, which was still smoking, to the officer, and walked quietly along by his side. He refused to answer any questions about the shooting, however, and did not open his mouth on the way to the jail. Upon arriving there he was locked up, and his only request to the keeper was that no representative of the press should be allowed to visit him. He expressed neither contrition for, nor satisfaction with the cowardly murder which he had committed, and did not even ask what was

THE RESULT OF THE SHOOTING.

Upon being told subsequently that his victim was dead, he simply shrugged his shoulders, and, turning his back on his informant, walked to the further end of his cell.

In the meantime, a large crowd had gathered around the *Chronicle* office, and, although De Young was by no means popular during his life, the cowardly manner of his taking off was condemned on all sides. A strong force of police was stationed around the building, and only reporters and those belonging to the office were admitted. The news that De Young had been assassinated by the son of the Mayor traveled like the wind to all parts of the city, and before nine o'clock it was the one subject of conversation. It is to the credit of the working men that, so far as known, not one of them justified the dastardly deed, although as party men they hated De Young cordially. Harry De Young, the brother of the murdered man, and business manager of the *Chronicle*, was not in the office when the tragedy occurred. His brother had left him at the dinner-table, and come down town before him. He heard the news in the street, however, and hastened to the office. He was very pale when he reached the building, but cool and collected. He found his brother lying dead on the floor in a pool of his own life-blood. He lay as he had fallen, with his eyes closed and his face bearing that calm expression which is so often noticed in the victims of sudden death by pistol-shot. Four shots were fired by Kalloch, but De Young had only received one wound, the ball passing in at the mouth and piercing the base of the brain. Two of the shots had passed through the glass door of the inner office, and one had lodged in the window casing.

As Kalloch has persisted in his silence up to this time, it is impossible to state, as a fact, his motive for the crime, but it is by no means difficult to surmise it. When De Young shot his father, the present Mayor of San Francisco, on August 23 last, young Kalloch, at one of the Sand Lot meetings, SWORE THAT HE WOULD KILL HIM, if the law did not, if his father died. His father recovered, and he was absolved from that oath. Still, De Young's friends have constantly warned him to beware of the young man, reminding him of this threat. De Young has laughed at their fears, and, as he always went armed, has never thought of such a thing as violence from Kalloch. A few weeks ago he returned from the east, and since then the *Chronicle* has kept up a perfect fusilade upon the reputation of Mayor Kalloch. Almost simultaneously, too, with De Young's return, a pamphlet began to be circulated around the city, attacking Mayor Kalloch. It is a document of about sixty pages, and bears the imprint, "Boston: Federhen & Co., 1887." It gives a full history of the trial of the elder Kalloch for adultery, in East Cambridge, Mass., in March, 1887, in which the reverend gentleman escaped conviction by the disagreement of the jury, who stood four for acquittal and eight for conviction. The pamphlet also contained an account of the circumstances at the Lechmere House, in East Cambridge, which led to the indictment of Kalloch for adultery with an unknown woman. These circumstances were supported by some very strong affidavits, the material points of which were not shaken when the witnesses themselves were put upon the stand. The unknown woman was Mrs. Laura J. Steen, with whom Kalloch had been intimate from the time he was a student in Camden, Me. With her husband, she is now living in Oakland. Three wood-cuts illustrate this pamphlet, one a picture of Kalloch, another of Mrs. Steen, and the third of the bed-room of the Lechmere House which Kalloch occupied with the woman to the jury unknown before returning to his residence in Boston. The trial of so exalted a man as Kalloch, who was then pastor of the Tremont Temple, Boston, created an intense interest that was not confined to Boston and the vicinity, but was manifested all over New England and the Middle States, and 300,000 copies of the pamphlet were struck off and disposed of by the publishers. Copies of the publication are very rare, and the few that were in existence brought a high price immediately after the events of August last. The firm of Federhen & Co., publishers, was long ago dissolved, Mr. Federhen entering the jewelry business. He is now the proprietor of a large jewelry store on Washington street, Boston.

It was asserted by the Mayor's friends that both the attack in the *Chronicle* and the circulation of this pamphlet were intended to prejudice the people against Kalloch in the approaching trial of De Young for the shooting affair of last summer. De Young had shot Kalloch's father.

FOR INSULTING HIS MOTHER

last August, and this worthy assassin might well reason, from his victim's point of view, that he was perfectly justified in shooting him for insulting his father. He has been following a course of dissipation for months, and had come to be looked upon as an habitual drunkard.

Most of the serious troubles in which her son has been involved during his stormy life as a journalist have been kept from the knowledge of Mrs. De Young, an estimable old lady of eighty, whose whole life has been bound up in her Charles. The famous Napthaly

article in the *Sun*, and the attempted murder of the author by De Young, she knew nothing about. Kalloch's insult last summer, and the shooting which followed, were also kept from her. But it was impossible to conceal from her the fact that her son was dead, or the manner of his death. The sad story was told to her as tenderly as possible, by her only living daughter, Laura, and the old lady is completely prostrated. She could not have lived long in any event, but this blow will certainly hasten her death. She is, fortunately, spared the knowledge that it was her son's unfortunate interpretation of his filial obligations to defend her honor, that has culminated through a series of circumstances in his violent death.

Further inquiry shows that young Kalloch fired five shots at De Young, of which only one, the fourth, took effect. It is evident that the deed was deliberate. Officer Noyes states that a few moments before De Young entered the office he saw Kalloch walk along Kearney street, and peer into the window of the *Chronicle* counting-room. He was evidently on the watch, awaiting the arrival of his victim. About 9:15 o'clock the coroner's assistants took the body from where it had been lying on the floor awaiting the coroner's examination, and removed it to the wagon for conveyance to the Morgue. The crowd in the meantime had increased to thousands, blocking up both Kearney and Bush streets. It was composed of all classes, evidently including a great many of the Sand Lot proclivities, and as the body was brought out cheers and howls arose on all sides. The coroner's wagon, escorted by a squad of police,

drove at once to the Morgue, followed by a hooting, whistling, and yelling mob. The demonstration was confined merely to words, no action of a violent nature occurring. On arriving at the Morgue the crowd continued its yelling for a while, but soon dispersed, when the officers retired. The conduct of the mob called forth many expressions of disgust from more respectable bystanders, but there was nothing whatever tending toward a breach of the peace. A great concourse of people still lingered in the vicinity of the *Chronicle*'s office, but an alarm of fire several blocks distant drew many of them away about 10 o'clock.

The murderer, the Rev. Isaac M. Kalloch, is the eldest of four children, and is twenty-eight years of age. He was born in Rockland, Me., very soon after the expulsion of his father from the Waterville College, his very hasty marriage, and his settlement as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Rockland. Next to young Isaac comes Annie, a girl of twenty-two, Randolph, a boy of eighteen, who was born in this city in 1862, and Carrie, who was born in Ottawa, Kan., and who is two years younger than Randolph. Young Isaac was a mere boy when his father came to this city and took the pulpit of the Laight Street Baptist Church. The Kallochs lived in Charlton street, and then in Vandam street, and the boy is remembered by some of the older residents of those two streets as a bright, active lad, who inherited many of his father's traits of character. He never went to the public schools, but received instruction at home from a female teacher. The elder Kalloch with his family, moved to Ottawa, Kan., from this city, in 1864. There he interested himself in establishing a Baptist University and in promoting a grand land-grab by which he realized a large sum of money and nearly ruined several intimate friends, who were induced by his representations to accompany him to the west from this city. His son became a pupil of the University, and by his father's advice mapped out a theological career.

After Kalloch abandoned Kansas and settled in San Francisco, he studied at the University of California, a Baptist institution. Young Kalloch was ordained a Baptist clergyman about four years ago, and accepted a call from a small society in one of the suburbs of San Francisco. He remained there only a short time, resigning to take the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Oakland, a position which he held for a year and a half. At the time of the shooting of his father by De Young, he was preaching in Sonoma county. He resigned his charge a few weeks after this event, and went to San Francisco, where he has since been acting as assistant to his father in Metropolitan Temple, having received the appointment by a unanimous vote of the trustees. There was the strongest affection existing between him and his father, and for that matter all four of the children fairly idolized their father. The elder

KALLOCH'S LOVE FOR LIQUOR, and especially brandy, was well known, and his drinking exploits when a boy at Rockland, a clergyman at Boston, and a pastor in this city are a matter of record. His son Isaac inherited his taste for liquor and his associations for the past few months have been such as to encourage undue indulgence to a marked degree.

There seems to be a fatality about California for the Kalloch family. It furnished a burial place for the father of Mayor Kalloch, was very near being the final resting place of the mayor himself, and has possibilities in connection with the mayor's son. Mayor Kalloch's father was the Rev. Amariah Kalloch, who established the First Baptist church in Rockland, Me., over which he presided for seventeen years, resigning in 1848, and for the following year officiating as Chaplain of the Maine Legislature. In 1850 he sailed from Rockland for San Francisco, where the gold fever was then at its height. He died in 1851, and was buried a few miles out of San Francisco. The Kallochs are of Irish descent. Their ancestors lived in the North of Ireland, whence one of the family accompanied by his two sons, emigrated to this country about the year 1835. They settled in Portsmouth, N. H., and a few years afterward the father and one son moved to Pennsylvania. The other son moved to the eastern part of Maine, and his descendants were among the original settlers of Thompson (now Rockland). Almost every generation of the Kallochs had its clergyman. Amariah Kalloch, the grandfather of the youthful murderer, and two brothers entered the ministry, and while all three of them occupied a prominent position in their calling,

Amariah is the only one who made a permanent impression. He was married three times, his only issue by his first wife being the Mayor of San Francisco. The story of Amariah's conduct with the female member of his flock, the publication of which by De Young was primarily the cause of the present tragedy, can never be substantiated. Even if it were true, the only witnesses whose testimony would prove it have long since passed away, and it is a fact that the memory of the man himself is respected in Rockland and the surrounding country.

De Young's funeral took place on the 25th inst., and quite a large assemblage were present. His body was escorted to the grave by the Odd Fellows, of which order he was a member.

SATAN'S RECRUITING OFFICE.

A Place That Strangers Should Avoid—A Stumbling Block for Unwary Females.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE]

CHICAGO, April 29.—A few days since a young German named Joseph Ehrlich, of Hebrew persuasion, came to the Armory and made complaint that he was robbed of \$300 in cash, at the notorious den of Frank Gibson on State near Twelfth street. Mr. Ehrlich is representative of one of the largest liquor houses in Cincinnati, and as soon as the complaint was made to the Chief of Detectives, Captain Steele, was notified. It seems that Mr. J. Ehrlich came here and stopped at the Tremont House; on the evening after his arrival he left the hotel and sauntered down State street, until he reached a den which is known as the "Bon Ton," kept by Frank Gibson. This place is one of the many free and easy saloons with which State street is cursed. It is in these places where the stranger is robbed and where young working girls are lured and betrayed. I will endeavor to give the readers of the GAZETTE a sketch of the interior of Frank Gibson's "Bon Ton," which is a two-story frame. The first floor is devoted to a low-class nigger show; a small stage is erected at the further end where two colored bucks from Fourth avenue and three or four white women are engaged in entertaining the low class of men and women who go there evening after evening and lay in wait for prey.

The bar is near the entrance near the stage. At the further end of the saloon is a door on which is painted in black letters, "Private Wine Room." Mr. Ehrlich states that he entered the "Bon Ton" about 9 o'clock; he ordered a glass of beer, and was in the act of sitting down at one of the tables when one of the waiters (who spoke German) told him to step into the wine-room, where he could enjoy his beer quietly. Mr. Ehrlich thereupon entered the wine-room. I will state right here, that the door of this room is always left open, so that you can see what goes on in the saloon. The liquor merchant was soon joined by two of the female performers dressed in the serio-comic style, and Ehrlich became entranced. He states that at about 12 o'clock, he went to a room on the second floor in company with one of the girls, which he reached by a flight of steps from the wine-room, and went to bed. Some time during the night he awoke and found his female companion gone, in company with \$300 in cash; she did not take his watch and chain. Ehrlich got up and found the door locked. He however called for help, and a young man who rooms on the second floor helped him to get out.

Strangers should be careful. A day does not pass but what complaint is made to the police of robbery committed in the free and easy shows on State street; young girls are also taken into these places, drugged, and taken up stairs, and there robbed of their virtue.

BRIEF AND TROUBLous.

A Groom of Five Weeks Sues for a Divorce—Allegations and Charges.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 29.—On the 17th of March, James G. Stanton, a student at the University of Pennsylvania, and son of Dr. James H. Stanton, was married to Miss Sallie Fireng, the ceremony being performed at Burlington, N. J., where the young lady's parents reside.

On the 24th ult., the young bridegroom filed in the office of the prothonotary of the court of common pleas a petition for divorce from his bride of five weeks ago. The petition is by his next friend, his father, and the facts were sworn to before Magistrate List on the 22d ult. It states that the couple were married on the 17th of March last, and from that time until the 25th of March they lived together as man and wife; that the said Sallie B. Stanton, from the 7th day of April, 1880, in violation of her marriage vows, for a considerable time past has given herself up to immoral practices with a certain Francis P. Walker and divers other persons to the petitioner unknown. On the strength of this she is cited to appear before the court at the June term and show cause why the divorce should not be granted.

Now it is alleged by the young husband and his father that the lady used undue influence in bringing about the marriage. It is alleged that she resided at houses of questionable repute on South Twelfth street, on Lombard street, and on Orange street, under the name of Stella D. Vanzandt; that while living at the Twelfth street house, Stanton, who is said to be but twenty years of age, met her on terms of intimacy.

It is said that he frequently visited her there, and on the day of the marriage, while in a state of intoxication, she took him to her parents' home in Burlington, where the ceremony of marriage was performed, he not being conscious of the fact until two days afterwards, remaining in an intoxicated condition during that time. When he recovered his senses he made the case known to his father, who took steps to procure the divorce. The charges against the wife are of the most serious character. The case when it comes into court will attract considerable attention.

A FRISKY SON OF MARS.

Robbery at Fort Abraham Lincoln, D. T.—Sketch of the Life of a Government Beat.

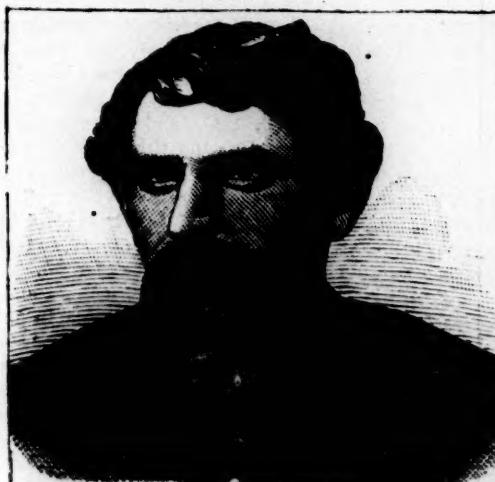
In the fall of 1879 Henry Mound was detailed as nurse at Fort Abraham Lincoln Military Hospital. Being of steady habits, and known by his comrades to be quite trustworthy, he was frequently asked by them, when patients in the hospital, to act as their banker. He used to deposit the money entrusted to him in his trunk, which he kept in a closet adjoining the ward of which he was in charge. On Sunday morning, April 11th, he had occasion to visit his trunk, and on opening the door of the closet, imagine his surprise when he saw the trunk was missing. On looking around he found the windows had been forced open and he at once came to the conclusion that a burglary had been committed. He spread the alarm, and a number of men at once left to scour the country, as it was supposed that the trunk and clothing might still be found. The supposition proved to be correct, as it was discovered a short time afterwards in an old powder magazine, completely gutted, and about \$100 in money, two valuable watches and other property missing.

Suspicion rests on Philip Potts, alias Charles Now, a soldier who was discharged a few days before the robbery. He is about thirty years old, 5 feet, 7 inches in height, and wore, when last seen, a full black beard and moustache and long black hair, which he used to brush back like a Methodist minister. It has since been ascertained that he served in Marines, Second Cavalry, Sixth Cavalry and at the cavalry depot, and skipped from all of them, generally making a haul before he dep. rel. Very little is known of his history while in the Marines. A little more of him is known while in the Second Cavalry. He there passed himself off for a shoemaker, and after borrowing all the money he could get from his comrades to buy a shoemaker's kit, he departed. He then joined the Sixth Cavalry and served for a few weeks. Being of a social disposition, he soon made the acquaintance of all the marriageable females around, and after a few day's courtship with a laundress, who was a widow, absconded, taking her along with him. They went as far as Omaha together. He there left her after getting all the money she had. He then made tracks from there to St. Louis, and after having a good time there for a few days, he enlisted again and was sent to Jefferson Barracks; after looking around for a few days, he came to the conclusion that Miss —, employee as cook to General Grover, was a fit object for his affection. His courtship went on smoothly, and having ascertained that she was in possession of \$1,500, he told her one evening that a change of climate would benefit both of them, and proposed. After some objection on the cook's part, which he soon overcame, they cleared out and went by river to New Orleans, and there took up quarters at a first class hotel, living as husband and wife. He soon got to be purse bearer, and from that day she could see a change in his bearing towards her. One night he went out without her, and took the train for New York, having \$1,400 in his possession. He soon got rid of that and was obliged to enlist again. He was sent out to serve his country in Dakota, but the only service he rendered was in the hospital. He was at last discharged for disability, and is now supposed to have gone east.

BEATS JERSEY LIGHTNING.

He was Tight, and the Fluid made Him Commit Crime at the Rate of One per Minute.

"George Henry," said Judge Cowing to a muscular mulatto, who stood at the bar of the General Sessions, one day this week, with a deprecatory attempt to smile upon his hardened face, "four indictments are pending here against you. I have never before had at this bar a prisoner who was quite so much indicted as you are. You broke into Mrs. Prudence Mains' rooms, at 106 Varick street, on the 16th ult., and when you were detected, knocked Mrs. Mains and her daughter down. You escaped to the street. Otto Finck, a neighbor, tried to intercept you, and you bit off a part of his ear. You struggled desperately, moreover, with



J. W. MAXWELL, ALIAS CURLY, ROAD AGENT AND MURDERER, FOR WHOM \$2,200 REWARD IS OFFERED.

Police Capt. McDonnell when he attempted to arrest you, and he was compelled to use violence to subdue you. You committed four definite, indictable offenses within as many minutes. Besides, you are an ex-convict. I am inclined to believe that you are a thoroughly bad and desperate man. You have pleaded guilty to that one of the indictment's charging you with breaking into Mrs. Mains' rooms. What



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—M'LLE. SANTELLI, OF THE VARIETIES, PARIS, IN THE OPERA OF "GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT."



DECIDEDLY SARKASTIC—A PARTY OF GAMINS PIN A PLACARD ON THE BACK OF A POLITICIAN, WHICH TELLS A LITTLE TRUTH IN A JOCKULAR WAY.

have you to say why I should not punish you to the extent of the law?"

"Well, Judge," Henry answered, blandly, "I can explain this whole thing. I was tight, and, in trying to get away, I ran against the ladies and the gentleman." [Laughter.]

"How about biting off a part of the gentleman's ear?" Judge Cowing queried.

"I guess he ran against my teeth, judge."

"I don't like your explanation, Henry," Judge Cowing said. "I think I will have to send you to state prison for seven years."

George Henry's exploits were detailed in last week's GAZETTE, and this rapid transit to state prison is well matched with his record as a criminal.

A PROTEST FROM THE GRAVE.

A Voice that Startled the Sexton—Leave My Grave Alone—Rest, Perturbed Spirit, Rest.

A graveyard sensation has been on the tapis for several days at Decatur, Ala., and is much talked of among the superstitious and the colored people. While the intelligent and thoughtful discard any and everything like ghost stories or the dead coming to life, only at the last day, there are some things that have occurred which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for only upon the absurd theory of the blatant superstitious. During the epidemic of 1878, fifty odd persons, white and black, died here. They were all buried in the city cemetery. The policy practiced was to bury them as soon after death as possible. A colored man, whose business was to inter the bodies, says that on letting the coffin, which contained the remains of a man whom he knew, down into the vault, the supposed dead man turned over in the case, groaned and made other demonstrations of life. This story no one believed at the time, but recent alleged developments have given color to it. A few days since the superintendent of the cemetery employed a man to

CLEAN THE GROUND off, as is the custom every spring. This man, a perfect stranger to those buried here, commenced work, but soon became alarmed and reported that while working around the grave of a young lady who died with the yellow fever, she spoke to him, told her name and forbade him removing the tufts of grass that were growing near her resting place. He gives the true name of the young lady, points out with exact certainty her grave, neither of which he ever knew before he went there to work, nor had he any means of ascertaining between the time of going there and that of making this strange revelation. As before stated, the thoughtful give but little credence to these statements, while a large class fully believe all that is said. The result is, the superintendent

THINKE IT DIFFICULT, if not impossible, to get any one to do the work for which this alarmist was employed. Additional importance is given to this story by another that comes from a family burying ground in the country, where an old man was interred last year. Parties occupying the house in which he died state that he has, in the last week, been seen after night walking about the premises, on two or three occasions; that he lays claim to the property, and is going to send for his family, who returned north after his death.

Quite recently a body was disinterred here and the coffin was found to be turned half over. It had been buried only a short time, and the undertaker is certain that it was not the result of carelessness in burying, and as the vault and the pieces of timber on which the coffin was placed, were in proper position and a state of preservation, the means by which the case was turned is wrapped in mystery.

Sarkasm.

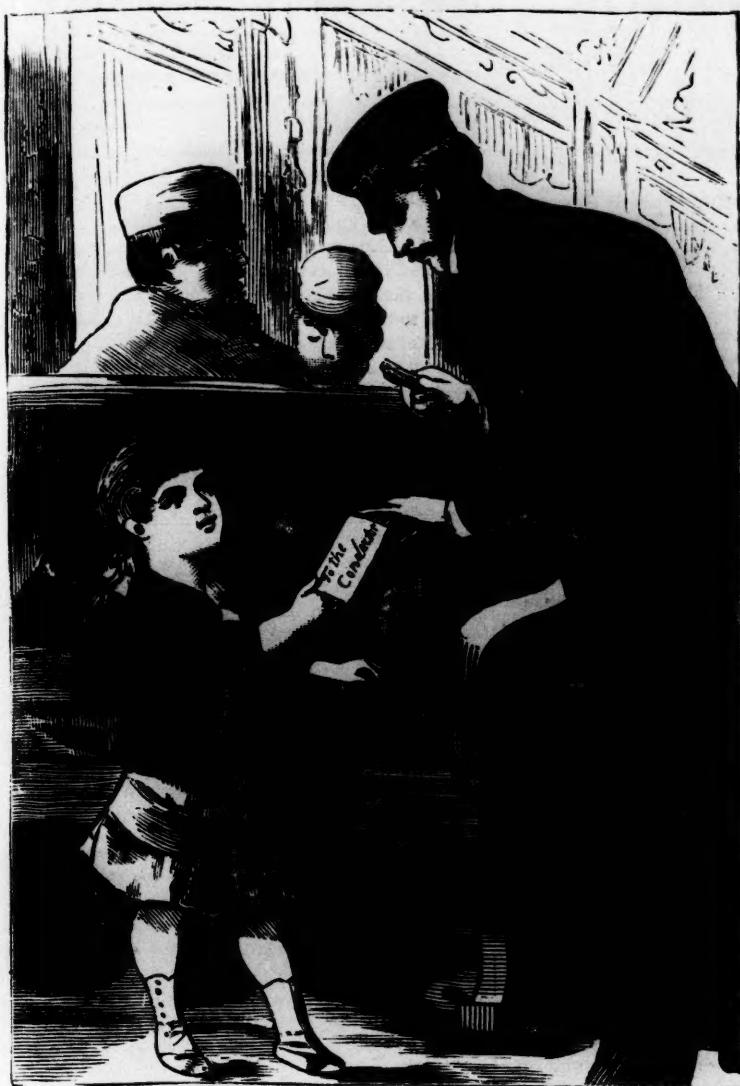
[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the neatest hits of the day was that perpetrated by a party of gamins on a well-known ward politician a few days ago. This party is of the robust brand, the wear and tear of a lucrative political job not seeming to militate against his physical development to any great degree. On the contrary, he is as corpulent and broad-shouldered as the proverbial alderman, and, when on dress parade, occupies more than the average of the sidewalk. While walking



LIZZIE THOMAS, ALLEGED PARAMOUR OF JOHN BROOMEFIELD, MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED AT BIG LAKE, W. T.

along the streets a large placard, bearing the legend "Widened at the expense of the corporation," was pinned to his back, and utterly unconscious he passed along, affording those who followed a great deal of fun. There is more truth than fancy in many jokes, and those who know the honorable gent considered this one of the instances where truth was in the ascendancy.



A YOUTHFUL TRAVELER—YOUNG AMERICA, OF THE FEMALE PERSUASION, GOES IT ALONE ON A JOURNEY FROM CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO, AND PROVES HERSELF CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE.

A YOUTHFUL TRAVELER.

Only Four Years Old and Bound From Chicago to San Francisco All Alone.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some months since it became the province of the city editor of the Council Bluffs *News* to meet a little miss at the Union Pacific depot in Council Bluffs who was only nine years old, and who was then on her way from San Francisco to Liverpool, England, "all by herself." The scribe considered the young lady quite a remarkable traveler, a counterpart of whom he considered it difficult to find. Yes—

terday, however, he had the pleasure of meeting a young lady traveler, who, considering her age, was undertaking even a greater trip. The little one was Miss Bertha Bartlett, four-year-old daughter of Gen. J. J. Bartlett, of San Francisco. The scribe found this little miss comfortably ensconced in a Pullman sleeper on the incoming passenger train yesterday morning; and she was traveling "all by herself" from Chicago "to papa, who lives in San Francisco." The train was in charge of Conductor Hawkins, one of the popular Burlington employees. The little passenger was more particularly in the care of Pullman Conductor F. T. Baker, in whose care she was placed by her aunt at Chicago. The little four-year-old is an unusually bright and attractive child, and proved herself a perfect little lady in conduct. She would visit the dining car at meal time and order her meals, paying for them with punctuality. The little miss carried a letter directed to the conductors, requesting them to look after the youthful passenger. On this letter all the conductors through whose hands she passed have written their names, name of the road, and also placed thereon the mark of their ticket punches. Miss Bertha said she was going to carry that letter to San Francisco and give it to her papa. In answer to the question as to the attention shown her by the railroad conductors and other employees, the little one replied that they were "nice gentlemen, and had been ever so kind to me." At this place Miss Bertha was placed in the care of the Pullman conductor on the outgoing Union Pacific, and proceeded on her long journey full of happiness, life and hope. The little one is doubtless the youngest person that ever undertook a journey of that distance alone, and as a successful and independent traveler she doubtless will long be remembered by all whom she met on her trip.

Astonishing the Fishes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Several young ladies from a college were visiting an aquarium recently and an exceedingly pretty young lady, just budding into womanhood, stopped before a tank of blennies. One of the fish, happening to turn its head, caught sight of the unusual spectacle, and instantly rushed to the front. Other blennies, attracted by the sudden movement, turned round and followed, and speedily hundreds of them were pressing against the glass, and a row of gleaming eyes were seen, expressing intense and unmistakable admiration and amazement.

Eph, the Notorious.

What almost resulted in assassination took place on the night of April 23d on Vine, between Eighth and Ninth streets, Cincinnati. The parties are well known both at home and abroad, the assaulting party being Eph Holland, the notorious, and the assaulted party Jake Aug, proprietor of Aug's Club House, formerly headquarters of the Cincinnati Democracy. Holland met Aug at the above-named point, and without warning hit him twice on the head with a sand-bag. Aug kept his feet and attempted to draw his pistol, which, however, caught in his coat. Before he got it disengaged, Holland drew his revolver and fired two



ASTONISHING THE FISHES—THE STUNNING STYLE IN WHICH A YOUNG SOCIETY BELLE IS GOTTERN UP CREATES A COMMOTION AMONG THE FINNY INHABITANTS OF AN AQUARIUM WHERE SHE IS VISITING.

shots at Aug, which both missed their mark. The police were on them by this time and arrested both, charging Aug with carrying concealed weapons and Holland with attempting to kill. It is the outcome of an old feud which sprang up about gambling matters. Several months ago Aug's son Jake and a companion jumped upon Holland and his partner Dnfy and beat them badly at high noon on Vine street. Holland swore to get even on the Augs, and tried hard to do it. Both men are out on bail and the end may yet be blood.

Andy Moynihan, the murderer of John R. Jackson, at Logansport Ind., last fall, has been convicted and sentenced to be hanged on June 11.



SATAN'S RECRUITING OFFICE—AN INTERIOR VIEW OF A NOTORIOUS DIVE IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO CALLED THE "BON TON"—CHARMERS WHO ENTERTAIN RIGHT-ROYALLY AND PICK POCKETS MOST CLEVERLY—A GOOD PLACE FOR TRAVELERS AND OLD INHABITANTS TO STEER CLEAR OF, IF THEY WOULD AVOID A SWELLED HEAD AND AN EMPTY POCKET—NUF SED.—SEE PAGE 3.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Jotted Down By an Observing Scrib-
bler for the Edification of all
Who Love to Read about
Morality.

THE BRUISER FROM GEORGIA.

An Obdurate Old Sinner Concludes
to take a Tumble and Brace up
For the Best.

A GOOD WOMAN'S GOOD WORK.

[With Portrait.]

[Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28.—Senator B. H. Hill having been goaded to desperation by the attacks of the press, attempted on last Friday to take revenge upon a newspaper correspondent named A. M. Soteldo, Jr., who is likewise the private secretary of Senator Windham. Mr. Soteldo took a seat in the Senate Chamber immediately in the rear of the Georgia senator, when the latter observing him, turned around, and with clenched fist, exclaimed to Senator Vance, "There is the scoundrel who has been assaulting me." Whereupon Mr. Soteldo advanced in front of Hill and said, "You apply such an epithet to me here because you are protected by the privileges of this chamber. I pronounce you a d—n coward, and invite you out of this chamber when I will proceed to wipe up the lobby floor with you." Hill became very much excited, and trembled like an aspen as he replied, "Leave me sir, you are a bad man." About three hours later Hill alluded to the matter in executive session, but his brother senators declined to notice the affair, and Mr. Soteldo still enjoys the privileges of the floor of the Senate.

The immediate cause of Hill's anger was the publication by Soteldo, in the Baltimore *American*, of a paragraph to the effect that Hill's counsel was treating with Mrs. Lockwood for a compromise of the suit of Jessie Raymond vs. Hill. Mr. Hill denies the truth of the statement, but I can assure you that parties have been endeavoring to compromise the case, whether with the Georgia senator's consent or not, I cannot say. It is not likely, however, that a proffer of a large sum of money would be made unless with Mr. Hill's consent. Mrs. Lockwood and Jessie both regret the untimely publication of the attempted compromise as it has caused Hill's counsel to break off negotiations. It is also known that Senators Vorhees and Vance are anxious for the matter to be hushed up, as it is proving of serious injury to the democratic party in the South.

Appreciating the great and successful efforts the GAZETTE has been making in the interest of genuine reform, it is with pleasure that I inform you of the probable success which has attended Mrs. Sam. Andrews Spencer's efforts to cause Lizzie Snow, the queen of the *demimonde*, to turn from her evil ways and lead a better life. The recent letter in the GAZETTE which referred to Mrs. Spencer's visit to Lizzie's mansion, is said to have produced a most profound impression upon the latter, and it is expected that in less than a month she will close up her establishment and commence to follow a reputable life. This determination on Lizzie's part is seriously annoying a large number of congressmen, and other high-toned citizens who declare that if her house is closed they will be shut off from any amount of fun, and "will have no place at which to spend their evenings."

If Mrs. Spencer succeeds in reclaiming and saving Lizzie she will have performed a work of greater value than that of all our preachers in this wicked city, for is there not more joy over one sinner that repents than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance?

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that a certain class of Western men—many of whom are high officials—are great admirers of quadroon and octoroon girls. Not the depraved class who live at Mahogany Hall, and similar establishments, but those colored beauties who are known as servant girls at Washington boarding-houses. So popular are these boarding-house appendages, that no discreet boarding-house keeper would think of having less than two pretty yellow girls about the house. As a rule, these "golden beauties" sleep up in the attics, and it was in one of those little apartments that the following episode occurred:

A certain bank cashier, member of the Young Men's Christian Association, having become infatuated with one of these "off-colored" beauties, took quarters at the house where she was in service and soon commenced to make nightly visits to her room. The only means of reaching her apartment was by a ladder and a trap-door, the latter being so arranged as to fasten from below. A few nights since, the girl was hurriedly called away about midnight, and upon leaving her Christian lover she bolted the door. From some cause she did not return, and the poor fellow was kept shut up for a whole day, and was finally forced to sound an alarm from one of the windows. He was finally rescued from his pitiable plight, the only excuse he having to offer was that he had gone to her room to "pray with her," and "aid

her in saving her precious soul"—which was altogether "too thin."

A certain depraved old female is running a house of infamy a few doors from the corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue—north side. Her place is patronized by the most depraved of the "mashers" who infest Pen Row. It is becoming a nuisance, as almost daily ladies are insulted while passing that vicinity. The matter has been brought to the attention of the Chief of Police by gentlemen whose ladies have been insulted there, and it is hoped that the place will be suppressed, and the proprietors required to move south of the avenue.

A WONDERFUL DREAMER.

A Good Man for Policy-Players to Get Hold of—Seeing a Murder Committed While Asleep.

ZANESVILLE, O., April 25.—Godfrey Smalley and Adolphus Clark, the two men in prison here charged with the murder of Jacob Baughman, will have a preliminary hearing before the mayor next Monday. It is understood that Clark will be put on the witness stand to testify against Smalley, the impression being that Clark cannot be convicted, even if he is guilty, as but little evidence has been found against him. Smalley also made a full confession to Clark on last Monday, as well as to others, but he has reconsidered the matter and will put the state to the trouble and expense of convicting him. He is a Prussian by birth, and is either very ignorant or very knavish, most likely a good deal of both.

A very singular circumstance was related to your correspondent in connection with this murder last evening, by a prominent member of the Logan O. bar, and to him by a brother of the man who had the singular experience.

On the night of the murder, which is now nearly seventeen years ago, a gentleman living in the neighborhood of Uniontown, who knew Jacob Baughman intimately, and was perhaps related to him, had a dream. In that dream he saw Jacob Baughman surrounded at his own fireside by three persons; saw them conversing together; heard their conversation; watched their movements and saw them strike the fatal blow. He recognized every face, and when Baughman fell dead to the ground the dreamer awoke. He told his wife what a horrible dream he had had, and detailed it all to her while the cold sweat ran off his body. The next day a gentleman came to his house and said:

"Have you heard of the homicide?"

"What homicide?" he said in astonishment.

"Old Jacob Baughman was murdered last night."

"Hold on! Stop right there!" said he, "until I relate my dream," and he did relate it just as he had told it to his wife the night previous, but he omitted the names of the men he saw commit the crime. In a few days he told his brother, and gave him the names of the assassins, in strict confidence, but never revealed them to any one else.

The lawyer of whom we got the story says he has frequently asked the dreamer to give him the names of the murderers, but he refused to do it. A few days ago he met him, and asked him again. It was on the day that Smalley was arrested.

"Does this arrest comport with your dream?" said the lawyer.

"They are on the right track," he replied, but would say no more.

There is not the slightest doubt about the fact of his having this remarkable dream, for he is a gentleman of strict integrity, and his wife can bear testimony to his having related it to her with feelings of apprehension.

Smalley appears to be in great anguish of mind, but is considerably calmer than he was a few days ago. He still maintains that he was made drunk and forced to make a confession, but this story is denied by four or five persons who had an opportunity of knowing.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

A Murderer's Secret Revealed—A Body-Stealer's Fatal Experience—Buried in the Same Grave He Tried to Rob.

Light has at last been thrown on a mystery that has been inexplicable for over thirty years. The developments are of a startling nature and concern a man Griffith, sexton of the First Presbyterian Church at Allegheny, Pa., who disappeared about that time. He was addicted to habits of intemperance and it was supposed he had run away from his family and gone to parts unknown. After these many years it has been revealed that he was murdered. The strange story, which comes from what is considered a reliable source, is as follows:

Two butchers, when going to Pittsburgh with their meat in the dead hour of night, in passing an old graveyard on Point of Hill, Allegheny, saw a dim light in it. They approached quietly and saw Griffith in the act of lifting a body out of the grave which he had opened. One of them took in his hand a piece of board and struck him a blow, the edge hitting him on the head, splitting the skull. He fell dead on the body he was stealing. Being alarmed at what they had done, they concluded to fill up the grave on the two, holding that the murderer would never be known. In the course of time one of the butchers left for other parts and there died. The other became dissipated, and once while under the influence of liquor, stated these facts to some friends, who concluded to keep the matter a secret, as the occurrence took place so many years ago and nothing but trouble could be made out of it at this late date. The man died a few days ago, the friends keeping the secret until the present time.

A MARYLAND man shot a bald-headed eagle, which fell wounded into Chesapeake Bay. His Newfoundland dog swam out to where the eagle was, but failed to "retrieve" it, and the master rowed out in a boat and dispatched it with an oar.

HUNTING AN OUTLAW.

Keeping the Officers at Bay—A desperate Fight—A Seige of the House and the Forger's Flight.

The little village of Caledonia, Pa., is in a frenzy of excitement over the escape of Harry English, the notorious outlaw, to the mountains, after his desperate encounter with a posse of armed men who tried to arrest him. English is a desperate character and a crack shot. He always is prepared for an emergency, and more than one person has had cause to fear his Winchester rifle. He is wanted principally for forgery and false pretence, but until Saturday has easily kept out of the way of the officers. Several attempts have been made before to arrest him, but in vain. He is a powerful man, is well supplied with the best of firearms and seems to delight in courtly danger. He has given out that he would shoot down like a dog any man who attempted his capture, and he has kept his word.

ATTACKING THE HOUSE.

When it became known at Caledonia that English was in town and at the house where his family lives everybody knew that there would be trouble. On Friday night last Thomas Burke, Justice of the Peace of St. Mary's, accompanied by Constables Philip Vollmer and Frank Werner, started for Caledonia with a warrant to arrest English. They arrived at their destination about 11 o'clock and held a consultation. It was decided that the man must be taken, dead or alive. English knew that warrants were out for his arrest, and only intended remaining with his family during the night. At 5 o'clock on Saturday morning the officers advanced on the house, called the outlaw up and notified him that he was wanted. English immediately ran up stairs and locked himself into a closet. The officers followed and demanded admittance, whereupon English fired three shots at them through the panels of the closet door, wounding Justice of the Peace Burke in the leg. Burke returned the fire twice through the door, wounding English in the left hand. At this point A. J. Rummel, father-in-law of English, appeared on the scene and told the officers that they had shot English and warned them to go down stairs or he would shoot them. The officers started to go down stairs, when English, with a loaded Winchester rifle, walked to the head of the stairs and fired at the officers, fatally wounding Constable Werner. By this time the village was aroused and the house surrounded. Werner was removed to the village hotel, while the wildest excitement prevailed throughout the town.

SHOOTING FROM THE WINDOW.

With the utmost coolness the outlaw walked to the window and began firing at the officers. He had two Winchester rifles, capable of firing sixteen shots each, and two revolvers. The first shot English fired from the window struck Constable Bollmer, who subsequently died from the wound. He was an aged man and bore the title of Judge. Shooting was continued between English and the crowd. A number of shots were fired at English, but without taking effect. Two more men in the crowd were hit by him. The siege was continued until about eight o'clock, when English, watching his opportunity, escaped from the rear of the house, at a time when nobody was guarding that portion of his residence. He ran like a deer across the fields, and no less than a dozen shots were fired at him, but only one took effect. This shot was fired by Mr. Lewis Fegley, of Williamsport, who was armed with a Winchester rifle. His ball struck English in the calf of the right leg. The outlaw dropped on one knee, ran a few steps further, dropped again, but only for an instant, when he reeled around and fired four shots at his pursuers. One ball just grazed the cheek.

One of the most notorious outlaws in the west, J. W. Maxwell, alias "Cully," alias "McDonald," was, until recently, confined in the jail at Yankton, D. T., where he was imprisoned for an attempt at murder. Since his incarceration it has been discovered that he was a prominent member of a Black Hills road agent gang which had committed theft and murder in several instances along the Cheyenne route. Two of his associates are now serving out life sentences and he was so badly wanted that a reward of \$2,000 was put up for his capture—\$1,000 by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, \$1,000 by the Wyoming Stage Company, and \$200 by the post office department. His desperate character is shown in his escape from the jail. He requested the jailor, Peterson, to escort him to one of the outbuildings, and that official complied. Within the jail is a room surrounded by an iron grating, which is the general apartment of the prisoners. Peterson unlocked the door of this grating apartment and let Maxwell out into the corridor which surrounds the cells and general room. He then turned to lock the door, Maxwell standing beside him. After he had rearranged the locks and bolts he turned to accompany his man, when the most conspicuous object which met his gaze was the muzzle of a navy six-shooter in front of his eyes and the finger of Maxwell in close proximity to the trigger. The prisoner had a decided drop on him and in response to orders Peterson threw up his hands and kept them up. Maxwell then took Peterson's revolver from his hip pocket and ordered him to open the door of the grating room and place himself inside. Peterson complied, and, with a revolver in each hand, Maxwell commanded the jailor and all the prisoners to get into the cells, which open into this room and are all closed by one movement of a sliding bar. These orders were hastily acceded to, all the men being unarmed and well acquainted with the desperate nature of the man who had so suddenly usurped jail authority. As soon as the outfit had gone into the cells, Maxwell closed the doors upon them and locked them in. He then placed his pistols in his pockets, unlocked the outer doors of the jail and walked out of the establishment, carefully closing all the doors behind him. His subsequent operations are shrouded in mystery. He went away and no one knows the direction he took. A large reward is offered for his capture.

sweets that nothing but matrimonial sanctity can warrant.

On last Tuesday evening McCurdy told his wife that he and his brother George intended to go to Dayton on the following morning, and would leave home about three o'clock. At about three o'clock McCurdy and his brother saddled their horses and soon the hoof strokes beat upon a stony pike. They had not gone far until they pulled their horses' heads into the corner of a post and rail and hitched them. Then, "like a thief in the night," they stole back to the country mansion, that was wrapped in darkness, and quietly lifting the latch, crept through the corridors and rooms to that in which the innocent (?) protector of Mrs. McCurdy was supposed to be quietly reposing. With stealthy step the jealous husband approached the door, and after listening a moment was warranted in bursting it open and rushing into the sanctity of the bed chamber. Then he saw all he wanted, and more too. Wrapped in the arms of the amorous Parlett was she of the sere and yellow leaf, the aged Mrs. McCurdy, enjoying the liaisons of her youthful lover. Of course there was a storm. McCurdy came to Lebanon, and, after consulting with ex-Governor A. G. McBurney, filed in the court of common pleas a petition for divorce on the ground of adultery.

HANDS UP!

A Caged Desperado Coolly Jugs his Keeper and Fellow-Convicts and Walks Forth to Freedom.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most notorious outlaws in the west, J. W. Maxwell, alias "Cully," alias "McDonald," was, until recently, confined in the jail at Yankton, D. T., where he was imprisoned for an attempt at murder. Since his incarceration it has been discovered that he was a prominent member of a Black Hills road agent gang which had committed theft and murder in several instances along the Cheyenne route. Two of his associates are now serving out life sentences and he was so badly wanted that a reward of \$2,000 was put up for his capture—\$1,000 by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, \$1,000 by the Wyoming Stage Company, and \$200 by the post office department. His desperate character is shown in his escape from the jail. He requested the jailor, Peterson, to escort him to one of the outbuildings, and that official complied. Within the jail is a room surrounded by an iron grating, which is the general apartment of the prisoners. Peterson unlocked the door of this grating apartment and let Maxwell out into the corridor which surrounds the cells and general room. He then turned to lock the door, Maxwell standing beside him. After he had rearranged the locks and bolts he turned to accompany his man, when the most conspicuous object which met his gaze was the muzzle of a navy six-shooter in front of his eyes and the finger of Maxwell in close proximity to the trigger. The prisoner had a decided drop on him and in response to orders Peterson threw up his hands and kept them up. Maxwell then took Peterson's revolver from his hip pocket and ordered him to open the door of the grating room and place himself inside. Peterson complied, and, with a revolver in each hand, Maxwell commanded the jailor and all the prisoners to get into the cells, which open into this room and are all closed by one movement of a sliding bar. These orders were hastily acceded to, all the men being unarmed and well acquainted with the desperate nature of the man who had so suddenly usurped jail authority. As soon as the outfit had gone into the cells, Maxwell closed the doors upon them and locked them in. He then placed his pistols in his pockets, unlocked the outer doors of the jail and walked out of the establishment, carefully closing all the doors behind him. His subsequent operations are shrouded in mystery. He went away and no one knows the direction he took. A large reward is offered for his capture.

Billy Edwards, Retired Light-Weight Champion of the World.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most famous light weights of his time, Billy Edwards, is pictured on another page of this issue. During his connection with sporting matters he has probably met and vanquished more men than any fighter of his size and weight. He is unquestionably the embodiment of pluck and fistic skill, as his record plainly proves. He was born at Birmingham, Warwickshire, England, December 21, 1844, and when in fighting trim weighs 126 pounds, and stands 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. The reader will form his own ideas of his prowess from the following list of his engagements in the ring:

Beat Sam Collyer, August 24, 1868, 47 rounds, 1h. 14m., \$1,000 a side; best Sam Collyer, March 2, 1870, 40 rounds, 45 minutes, \$1,000 a side; draw Tim Collins, May 26, 1871, 90 rounds, 2h. 15m., \$1,000 a side; beaten by Arthur Chambers, September 4, 1872, 26 rounds, 1h. 35m., \$1,000 a side, alleged foul; beat Wm. Fauckett, March 13, 1873, 55 rounds, 1h. 55m., \$100 a side; beat Sam Collyer, August 8, 1874, 10 rounds, 24 minutes, \$1,000 a side.

It is needless to add that Mr. Edwards is proud of this excellent showing, and every reader will concede that his pride is pardonable. He is at present in retirement, being engaged in the liquor business at 500 Sixth avenue, this city.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.] France and America hold a place in our columns this week in theatrical matters, being ably represented by two artistes as talented as they are fair. Mlle. Santelie has won fame in the gay city of Paris as a lyric star of no mean brilliancy, and her vivacity has aided materially in securing for her the favor of her countrymen. In America Miss Ennie Young is equally popular, her forte being burlesque and variety acting. She is an excellent comedienne, and merits the popularity which she enjoys.

LIGHT-FINGERED DEARS.

Women Whose Hands Move Faster
Than an Observer's Eyes.

HOW THE TRICK IS WORKED.

The Capacity of the Female Wardrobe For Stowage Purposes.

KLEPTOMANIA VS. THIEVERY.

"We estimate our losses from shoplifting at \$10,000 a year," said one of the proprietors of a large east side dry goods and fancy goods store in this city. "In the busy hours you cannot estimate the number of people that come to this store. If you watch them from the galleries, they swarm like ants. To serve them we employ between 900 and 1,000 persons. We have to watch them all, customers and clerks alike. On the other hand, it is a prime necessity to display our goods, and to display them in such a way as will tempt the dishonest."

"Shop girls are burdened with a reputation they don't deserve, and I hate to say anything against them," continued the shopkeeper, "for there are girls working for us who bend their necks to the yoke of labor only from necessity, and whose every instinct and action is that of a lady. But some of the girls formed a ring with outsiders, and we discovered them selling the best goods and sending up checks for a nominal figure, 25 or 50 cents, when the real price might have been as many dollars. We get information against the girls sometimes from customers. For instance, the last case was that of a person who wrote that such and such a looking girl at such and such a counter was seen to drop a bill on the floor, and send up a check for just so much less than the real price. Whenever our attention is directed against employees we generally catch them."

"Do the cash boys steal?" he was asked.

"We lose a great deal by boys, both in our employ and from outside. You'd be astonished if you knew the number of the sons of respectable people—often little boys—that we catch stealing. Among our cash boys there have been some

VERY INGENIOUS THIEVES.

One little fellow once leaves out of his cash-book so nicely that it was not discovered by the cashier, although it might have been that night. We suspected him and took him into a private office, where we talked to him earnestly. He admitted his guilt, and said he put the money in his shoe. There we found over \$14, the stealing of only a few hours. But there was a smarter boy, although I suspect he had accomplices outside. He carried on his person a little pad soaked with printer's ink, and an exact fac simile of the cashier's stamp, cut on the end of a cork. Whenever he got the exact price of an article sold from the saleswoman, he went away and stamped his cash-book, and brought it back as if from the cashier's desk."

"Do you cause the arrest of many shoplifters?" the tradesman was asked.

"Yes, a good many, but not all, by any means. We don't disturb persons unless we have the most positive proof of their guilt: When the article stolen is a trifle we watch the woman so as to remember her face, but usually do nothing more. Not infrequently we see thefts committed by women that we believe are not habitually trespassers, but were urged on by too strong temptation and poverty. Such women we take to a private room. We tell them our suspicion. If they confess and give us what prove to be their right names and addresses we let them go. But all this is a very delicate matter, and to make a mistake is very dangerous. You must know that shoplifters are generally among the best dressed and most respectable looking women that come to our store. I stood on the second-story skylight one day looking aimlessly down on the first floor. I saw two elegantly dressed women putting away rolls of silk ribbon. I watched them, and there wasn't any doubt about it. I hastened down and told the floor walker."

HE WAS ASTOUNDED.

I persisted and he spoke to the women. They were violently indignant. As they walked toward the door we saw them throw the rolls of ribbon among some boxes between two counters. We had them followed. They lived in an elegant brown-stone house in Forty-eighth street."

"Professional shoplifters," continued the speaker, "very often wear great cloaks. They can put away a good deal under them. By raising their folded arms under their cloaks they conceal the added size the stolen articles give them. They have a pocket made in the front of their dresses big enough to hold a number of large packages. Why, when we unloaded a woman here one day we took out of that pocket all that a good sized boy could carry on his outstretched arms. I remember how indignant that woman was when accused."

"I was walking through the store one day when a clerk told me he thought a woman he was serving had stolen some Leghorn hats. I walked up to her and raised one of her arms suddenly. Twenty-two hats fell to the floor. You know what Leghorn hats are. They are made of a kind of grass and fold close together. She had concealed \$37 worth. She said she had picked them up on the floor and was going to put them where the rest of the hats were kept. We arrested her."

"The hands of an experienced shoplifter work faster than the eye of an observer. A central office detective standing in the door one day saw a woman

putting away silk handkerchiefs. She'd hold one up as if to examine it, and then she'd suddenly pass it into her other hand and then into a big front pocket with such

LIGHTNING-LIKE RAPIDITY

that the detective couldn't tell what she was doing, but he thought she was putting them back on the counter. He made a study of the subject and caught her. Shoplifters often steal our valises and baskets, and then go around the store filling them up. We know a good many of the profession. We sent a man to the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkner, who were accused lately of an attempt to poison Mr. Blair, of Chatham, N. Y. You remember it was said that Mrs. Volkner and Mrs. Connolly, who lived with her, were shoplifters. He came and said the face of the big woman (Mrs. Connolly) was a familiar one in our store.

"The worst thing shoplifters do," he said, in conclusion, "is to steal from our customers. They are very fond of taking pocketbooks and valises. We would a great deal rather they would steal from us, for their victims are sure to give a store where they are robbed a bad reputation. Not long ago a lady who had \$128 in silver in a valise rested it on the counter a moment and it disappeared. She found an old one in its place. We believed that the thieves who took it knew that she had the money, and had followed her a long distance."

GONE TO SEE ABOUT IT.

A Wedding Which Did Not Take Place—A Squirrel in the Tree, and an Embryotic Hoosier are Mixed in the Affair.

Fifteen miles south of Greensburg, Ind., is the village of Westport, which to-day is notorious by a very succulent case of illicit love, which has stirred the social circles for miles around. There is the usual sequence in such cases, or will be in about two months when a very interesting event is expected to occur. Living on the edge of the aforesaid village is a family named Anspaugh, which consists of father, mother and a daughter aged thirty. It is the latter whose fall from virtue and subsequent trials and tribulations in an abortive attempt to get a father for her "inmate Japhet" this article has to deal with. Indiana Anspaugh she calls herself, but wrongly, it is said, for eleven years ago she married one Lemasters, not unknown to fame on account of his nomadic propensities, and from him she had never been divorced.

Klink, who is married and the father of one child, received notice from his wife, who was living out of town at that time, that she intended to come to the city and live with him. Fearing the trouble that would naturally ensue, Klink persuaded Beck's wife to return to her husband and plead for forgiveness; he then sold out his saloon and returned to the business of butchering. Beck, who is a good-natured individual, gave way to his wife's entreaties, and on the promise that she would terminate the intimacy with Klink, again restored her to his affections and stopped proceedings for a divorce, which he had begun during her absence. In order to win her still closer to her home, he made her an outright present of the business which he had established, which she was to conduct while he attended a butcher shop that he had opened.

Matters were prospering, and for a while Mrs. Beck's relations with Klink were broken off. About a month ago, however, rumors of the intimacy having been renewed reached Beck's ears. He frequently remonstrated with his wife, and upon her protest that the neighbors' talk was simply founded upon the past he dropped the matter from his mind. A week ago last Wednesday he returned to his house at noon, and his little son informed him that his wife and their thirteen-year-old daughter, Lillie, had gone to Atlantic City. Thinking that they would return at night he remained at home, but not hearing from them the next day

A BAD WOMAN.

A Married Woman in West Philadelphia Elopés With a Married Man—A For-giving Husband.

The neighborhood of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, in West Philadelphia, is just now being regaled with the tongue of scandal over the elopement of Thomas Klink, a butcher at No. 3,136 Market street, with the wife of George Beck, who keeps a saloon a few doors east on the same street. In order to understand the true inwardness of the case it is necessary to refer back three years, when Klink first made his appearance in that neighborhood as a barkeeper in Gross's saloon at 3,130 Market street, at which time he made the acquaintance of Beck's wife. Frequent visits to the latter's saloon eventually ripened into the most intimate relations between the two, and about a year and a half afterward, when Klink left his place at Gross's to start a saloon in the same block on his own hook, Beck's wife left her home and took up her abode with her paramour, where she remained about seven months. During all this time Beck and the neighbors were cognizant of the intimacy between the two, and the two children of the woman, who remained with their father, frequently visited the pair.

A GOOD NATURED HUSBAND.

Klink, who is married and the father of one child, received notice from his wife, who was living out of town at that time, that she intended to come to the city and live with him. Fearing the trouble that would naturally ensue, Klink persuaded Beck's wife to return to her husband and plead for forgiveness; he then sold out his saloon and returned to the business of butchering. Beck, who is a good-natured individual, gave way to his wife's entreaties, and on the promise that she would terminate the intimacy with Klink, again restored her to his affections and stopped proceedings for a divorce, which he had begun during her absence. In order to win her still closer to her home, he made her an outright present of the business which he had established, which she was to conduct while he attended a butcher shop that he had opened.

Matters were prospering, and for a while Mrs. Beck's relations with Klink were broken off. About a month ago, however, rumors of the intimacy having been renewed reached Beck's ears. He frequently remonstrated with his wife, and upon her protest that the neighbors' talk was simply founded upon the past he dropped the matter from his mind. A week ago last Wednesday he returned to his house at noon, and his little son informed him that his wife and their thirteen-year-old daughter, Lillie, had gone to Atlantic City. Thinking that they would return at night he remained at home, but not hearing from them the next day

HE INSTITUTED INQUIRIES

and ascertained that Klink had also left on the same day, taking his son, about ten years of age, with him, and leaving his wife ignorant of his intentions or his whereabouts. Nothing has been heard from the elopers since then, except that they were seen at the North Pennsylvania Depot on that day, and the fact that their baggage had been shipped from there to the west.

Beck and his wife have been married over fifteen years, and until the advent of Klink in the neighborhood had lived a very happy life. Klink sold his stock, and recently received a large sum in the shape of a loan from Germany. It is supposed that he took about \$5,000 away with him, leaving his wife alone and penniless.

Mrs. Beck took away nearly all her clothes, as well as about \$400, which she had realized out of the business since it was placed in her hands by her husband.

Mr. Beck, being asked whether he would again receive his wife in case she returned, said he might if she was truly penitent and promised not to have anything further to do with Klink; and, in hopes of seeing her again he will not apply for a divorce.

DOFF YOUR HAT.

A Command that was not Obeyed and Resulted in a Fight—Ushering in the Spring Style in Head Gear.

(Subject of Illustration.)
On the night of the 21st ult., the Freshmen of the Wooster, O., College were making a display of new straw hats, and on every occasion of meeting a "Prep," they would cry out, "Go home, Prepy," at which the Preps became indignant and organized. They met the Freshmen on College avenue, where the Preps told the Freshmen they must doff their hats. This was refused, and when the Freshmen tried to pass the Preps rushed on them and tore in shreds every hat that went into the fight. The Freshmen captured seven hats, which they fastened to poles, and paraded the streets, every man adorned with a brand new straw hat. Even the Freshmen girls wore hats with the boys and paraded in honor of the victory.

In the afternoon the Preps went to the University as usual, wearing pieces of straw hats as badges, in which all the Preparatory girls participated. At 4:30 P. M., a large crowd of students and citizens had stationed themselves along College avenue, where the Freshmen had pitted themselves to make the Senior Preps doff their hats. The Preps refused, and they began a royal fight. Freshmen and Preps tumbled and rolled in the dust miscellaneous. When the boys became well warmed up, and things began to look dangerous, President Taylor came to the crowd, and separated them in a manner that won the respect of every student.

After this the distinctions paraded the town, each

claiming the victory. The Preps reached the city square first, and, having given three cheers for '84, disbanded. The Freshmen also dispersed at the same time.

The Preps have shown their mettle and have satisfied all that they are men of royal blood. The Freshmen have presented the broadside, and will not be attacked rashly again. Both were in earnest, and have had their fight, and are now ready for study.

CLEAN LINEN IN COURT.

How Two Colored Belles Misconstrued a Justice's Expression and Exhibited Their Linen—A Rich Scene Between Two Jealous Girls.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Martha Washington against Jane Jackson," called out Justice Kenna, in the Fourth District Court, Williamsburg, last Friday morning.

In response two good-featured mulatto girls, just out of their teens, stepped up in front of the rail from opposite sides of the room. They were gaudily dressed and walked with a girlish swagger. The saucy determination apparent on their countenances was an indication to the court loungers that a good thing was in store for them. A number of colored belles and beaux, gorgeously gotten up, who were seated on benches outside the rail, showed that the case excited unusual interest in colored society. They strained their necks forward when the Court asked the first question, so as to make sure to catch the answer, but the movement was unnecessary, for the girls talked in tones which rang throughout the room.

"Miss Jackson," said the Court, "you are charged with assaulting Miss Washington with intent to do bodily harm. Are you—"

"She's a mean, dirty—"

"That won't do, Jane," interrupted the magistrate. "You must use no abusive language in court."

"What can a gal do when dat ugly thing—"

"Ise han'somer nor you, an' dat's de trouble," cried Martha, shaking her head, hands and body at the same time in her excitement.

"Anybody dat would see your big feet and dirty stockin's, would say you're han'some," retorted Jane, sarcastically.

"Come, girls, I want to hear your stories. You must not wash your dirty linen in court," said the magistrate, unable to suppress a smile.

"My linen ain't dirty, Judge; I just put it on clean from de wash, an' I ain't ashamed to show it," exclaimed Martha, with the rapidity of a tornado.

"You don't mean to say dat my things in dirty," exclaimed Jane, before Martha had finished. At the same time Jane stooped down and drew up her dress, exposing to view a white skirt with many flounces and frills, and a shapely foot.

Martha, with equal rapidity, showed her white skirt and feet.

The spectators were convulsed with laughter, and so quickly was the whole thing done that the magistrate or court officers were powerless to prevent the exhibition or make an explanation as to the meaning of the expression used by the court.

After hearing their complaints the girls were bound over in \$100 to keep the peace.

A SKELETON UNVEILED.

Mr. Reed is Proven a Bigamist and Very Luckily Escapes Punishment—Not Worth the Shot.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 24.—Some days ago a domestic trouble was made public by the imprisonment of Austin S. Reed on a surety of the peace, the complainant being his step-daughter, Miss Anna Thompson. This lady is a cripple, and is known in literary circles as the author of a book of poems, entitled "Simplicity Unveiled," upon the profits from the sale of which has depended her livelihood for several years past. Reed remained in jail until to-day, when additional facts came to light in the appearance of her father, James Thompson, of Kankakee, Ill., upon the scene, and an exposure of Reed's past history, which makes him a bigamist.

Some years ago Reed and Thompson resided in Belleville, Ontario, Canada, each with their respective families. Reed became enamored of Thompson's wife, an intimacy followed, until Thompson caused Reed's arrest and imprisonment for alienating her affections. Upon Reed's release he was assaulted by Thompson, and after Thompson's arrest Reed and Thompson's wife eloped from Canada, and eventually came to this city, where, in 1878, the woman secured a divorce from Thompson on the grounds of abandonment and failure to provide. About that time she wrote to her daughter Anna to join her, and the latter came on and found that her mother and Reed had been formally united in marriage.

For a while the mother and daughter rested content under the supposition that Reed was, as he claimed, divorced from his former wife, and it was only within a short time past that their suspicions were aroused. Fearing discovery, Reed began a series of persecutions toward Anna, maltreating her in many ways, and finally she was forced to seek legal counsel. Her attorney, L. Dow McLain, wrote to Belleville, Canada, and received in reply that Reed was never divorced, and was, therefore, liable for prosecution as a bigamist.

A consultation was had to-day, and owing to the cost necessary to procure Canadian evidence it was resolved to dismiss the surety of the peace against Reed, and not move in the prosecution of the bigamy complaint for the present, provided he skip the country and no longer molest either Anna or her mother. These conditions were gladly accepted by Reed, and to-night he took the first train east. Thompson declined to renew relations with his former wife, and started back to Kankakee. The action of the attorney in not following Reed up with criminal prosecution is somewhat singular, but, under the circumstances, the course adopted seemed to be the only possible one. The matter has made quite a stir, for nearly all the parties concerned have a very general acquaintance in this city.



CLEAN LINEN IN COURT—A COUPLE OF BELLIGERENT "CULLUD" BELLES MISCONSTRUE A JUSTICE'S EXPRESSION, AND EXHIBIT THEIR WARDROBE REGARDLESS OF THE MODESTY OF HIS HONOR OR THE SPECTATORS; WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 7.



A YANKEE YOUTH'S GUILLOTINE—THE STRANGE INVENTION OF A YOUNG MAN AT CHELSEA, MASS., FOR THE PURPOSE OF TAKING HIS OWN LIFE.—[SKETCHED BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.]



HAPPY THOUGHT—A "GALLUS" DAMSEL, WITH SENSITIVE TASTE, USES THE TONGUE OF AN URGHIN TO WET HER POSTAGE STAMP; PORTLAND, ME.—SEE PAGE 12.



THE DOWNFALL OF THE WINTER HAT—THE STUDENTS OF A WESTERN COLLEGE "CALL IN" THE HATS IN VOGUE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS BY DEMOLISHING THEM TO SMITHREENS, AND WITH THEIR DARLINGS PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS, BEARING ALOFT THE BATTERED "TILES"; WOOSTER, O.—SEE PAGE 7.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—THE BEGGARS REVEL—HOW THE MENDICANTS OF NEW YORK DISPOSE OF THE PROCEEDS OF "SWEET CHARITY"—THE BLIND VAGABOND AND HIS PRETTY PARTNER "AT HOME"—A NIGHT OF DEBAUCHERY AND REVELRY IN ONE OF THE ROOKERIES OF SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE—SMOOTHING THE ILLS OF LIFE AT THE COUNT OF BACCHUS—IS TOLD IN LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS—SEE PAGE 14.

WHAT LOVE WILL DO.

Mrs. Brown's Exposition of the
Tender Passion---When You
Have it Bad.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Mr. Brown's Fatal Ride and its
Terrible Ending.

OPEN CONFESSION GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

The following confession, made by Mrs. Brown, who was indicted with Joseph Wade for the murder of her husband, reveals a depth of depravity hardly creditable. These statements were made by her during her trial at Indianapolis the past week:

"I married Brown thirteen years ago; lived at their recent home; Brown had a farm near Irvington and some property in the city; had three children; lived with Brown when sent to prison; he was convicted of receiving stolen goods; returned home the day before New Year's; Brown was fifty-two years old at his death; was home on February 1st, and they killed a turkey on his birthday; am thirty-two years old; know Wade; first met him the last of June or the first of July; he was keeping a saloon; Mr. Smith gave her an introduction to Wade; wanted Wade to stay with her at her house, was afraid to stay alone; had been partially robbed; Wade came out to see her a short time afterward; came to stay permanently in about two months, when he had sold his saloon and received a divorce from his wife; only paid him with some clothing; Wade attended to the stock and got up the wood; also dug a few potatoes, and husked about eight acres of corn; husked only as it was fed; he knew when Brown would come home, and wanted to leave when he arrived; had previously calculated leaving; proposed that they both leave; she told him she couldn't leave her children; he said

HE WOULD STEAL THEM:

wanted to leave the state; she promised to release a debt on Wade's horse if he was determined to depart; came to the city with Wade to sell the horse, about one week before the murder; the horse was an excellent traveler; Brown worked at repairing the property immediately after his return from prison; was a carpenter and had a full set of tools; Wade had often spoke of killing them both if she didn't quit talking to Brown; made the threats frequently; she told Brown of the threats; Wade told her he loved her, and didn't want her to speak to anybody but him; had said nothing of it the day before the murder; that day Wade said he was sick, and stayed about the house all day; Brown was at work on an ax-handle for his son; was engaged in the work until supper time, about half-past five; Wade, Brown, Mrs. Brown and family all ate together; Brown and Wade were both dressed in their old clothes; recognized the cap found in the buggy as Brown's; he (Brown) had about \$40 on his person; carried it in a small pocket-book she had given him; thinks the clasp found in the ashes belonged to the book; always carried his money in his left pants pocket; identified the boots in the hands of the officers as Wade's; after supper the two oldest children went to Smith's; there was a slight snow on the ground; the children left a short time after supper; Brown got his ax-handle to finish it up with his knife; Wade asked him for the buggy, saying Smith told him Dr. Long wanted to buy his horse; Brown said he could have it, but asked why he couldn't go horseback; Wade made no reply, but went and hitched up; didn't see him come back in the house; she was cleaning up the supper table; Wade always wanted her to

GET A DIVORCE:

from Brown; said it could be easily done; wanted her to get a divorce and go with him; after Wade went to hitch up the horse she first saw him next in the orchard; Brown was standing at the table whittling the ax handle; didn't see or hear anything of Wade or Brown; when returning went to see if Joe had gone; saw the buggy standing at the gate, and knew he was still there; Henry Smith brought the double-tree that afternoon; the horse was hitched near the gate, with his head to the east; the middle of the buggy was opposite the gate; when she went on around the house, and when opposite the kitchen, she heard a dull, heavy sound; thought it came from the direction of the front door; went on around; saw Wade standing between the house and the front gate; was dressed in his usual clothes; saw Brown lying at the gate with his feet toward the hind buggy wheel; was dressed as usual; didn't see his head; it was covered with a blanket, and was resting on a red robe. [Witness here identified the robe and blanket.] His body was covered, except from the waist down; went clear to the gate, and Wade said in a short way, "Take that child back in the house;" did so and returned to the gate; saw no blood; Brown was groaning; Wade was standing there; said, "Joe, what have you done?" he ran up and throwing his arms about me, said, "This is

"WHAT LOVE WILL DO, BABLING;"

Wade asked, "Mustn't I strike him again?" answered, "My God, no; let me take him in the house." He answered, "No, this work must be finished now." Wade then came into the house and asked for the cap and overcoat; ordered her to get them; said, "he was a s--- of a b--- if I hadn't better get them;" spoke in a very harsh tone; Brown had no overcoat; got one of Wade's; it was then getting dark, but could easily see the buggy at the gate; Wade then went out--re-

turned and witness asked him to bring her husband in; he said it wouldn't do to leave him there, and he was going to take him to the road; told her to straighten up things and clean up the blood about the gate; didn't in the meantime ask Wade how the deed was committed; saw the body of her husband at the road and at the coroner's; Wade returned in about an hour; saw the buggy leave in an easterly direction at a very rapid rate; stayed in the house, put the baby to sleep and washed the dishes during his absence; cried all the time; Wade returned by the front gate; told her to get ready quick to go to Smith's, that he must go there to prove his innocence; saw some blood on his overalls; he pulled them off and put them in some water; saw them the next morning; they were washed; Wade then dressed up to go to Smith's; saw no pocket-book or mallet; only threw a shawl over her head to go to Smith's; Wade carried the babe and she the fiddle; on the way over she said he had

LEFT HER IN A BAD CONDITION:

he replied that he would be a father to the children, and that she must not cry while at Smith's; Wade said he would be arrested for it, but would prove himself clear by Smith's and that she wouldn't be touched; Wade told her to tell Smith that Brown had gone to the city to get a stave-maker; on the way home she began talking about it but he hushed her up, saying the children might hear something; when they got home Wade stopped the clock, saying if any one came they wouldn't know what time it was; the two older children went immediately to bed; she and Wade sat up till 11 o'clock, but didn't do much talking; before retiring Wade went out and brought in the little knot-mallet, which he put in the stove and burned; the mallet was a rough knot, irregular in form and on a handle about ten inches long; told her later why he burned it; during the night she was sick with a fainting spell, and on awakening saw Wade standing by the bedside with the chophor-bottle; Wade then built a fire and she got up and they talked; she said she didn't think she could stand it; he said there "was one who loved her;" acknowledged that he hit Brown with the mallet; next morning he gave her three five-dollar bills, four twos and some change and sent her to town; told her to say she was in search of Brown, who had gone to visit his brother the previous evening, and had not yet returned; he also gave her a \$60 certificate of deposit; said he didn't want her to open the pocket-book, and that he had destroyed it; thinks she slept a little during the latter part of the night; heard Wade pass out the back door and go to the pump; thinks he was out about ten minutes; Wade got up first of all the next morning at about 5 o'clock, and made a fire in the kitchen and heating stove; while she was getting breakfast Wade went down the lane near the toll-gate, in search of the cap which he said had probably fallen out of the buggy; after returning from Smith's that evening he washed his coat and vest he wore when he went away in the buggy; a ter the children got up Wade cleaned out the ashes from the stove, a thing he had never done before, and sprinkled them on some blood near the gate; Wade told her to

SCRUB THE BLOOD OFF

the front door step; she left the bloody piece of carpet on the step, but before going to town noticed that it had been removed; Wade compelled her to go in search of her husband, and to inquire at the toll-gate; told her if interrogated to say that Brown had gone to see his brother, with a large amount of money on his person, and that he had not returned, and she feared he had been robbed and murdered; said he would stay and clean up things; Shank told her where the body was; Wade said he turned the pockets inside out, so that they would think he had been robbed; told her he run the gates, where he left the body, what he did with the rig, and the manner in which he returned; she saw the horse and buggy next morning and recognized them; Wade told her she would be his, and for her not to grieve; she was called before the coroner twice; told Wade's story the first time because he threatened her life; she then sent for the coroner and voluntarily told the truth; frequently received notes from Wade through the medium of "Modoc," Smith, and Reuben Tone. Here she identified some notes she had received from him. Got one almost every day. Nearly all asked for money. When the letters came to her they were wrapped in a little wad. Gave Wade \$15. Never wrote or ordered any notes or letters to be written to Wade. Cannot write anything more than her name, but can read script or type. Belle Wilson wrote some notes to Wade and signed her (Mrs. Brown's) name, but without any authority; Kate Finney also wrote an unauthorized note; has received notes from him up to the past two weeks.

During the giving of this testimony her partner Wade was sitting in the court, and her testimony affected him very much. The trial is still on.

Jesse and Frank James.

[With Portraits.]

These notorious outlaws can safely be called the Jack Shephards of America. Nothing seems to daunt them in their career. Their recent visit to St. Louis was one of the boldest acts they have thus far committed. While in that city Jesse concluded to still further defy the public by courting notoriety, and this letter with his portrait and that of his brother, is the result of this determination:

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 14, 1880.

"EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE:—I saw one of your papers while traveling to this city, and concluded to let you have my portrait and that of my brother Frank. We know that it is not exactly a safe thing for us to do, considering the way we stand in the community, but fear is something which does not trouble us much. Both portraits were taken a long time ago, and we considered them good at the time. When they are printed we will be out of the way of any one who will trouble us. Good bye.

JESSE JAMES."

THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies and Figures, Specially Prepared for Inquisitive Readers.

LANDLORD (who comes up to his guest at breakfast, rubbing his hands together gleefully); "Well, sir, how do you like your sausages?" "It's dog-gone fine!" said the guest coolly. "Dog-gone fine!" said the landlord slowly. Then his face sobered down and turned several colors before he exploded.

TRAMPS have no mercy to hope for, apparently, in New Jersey. Four of them, found in a freight car on the Erie railroad, were sentenced by Judge Buckalew, of Paterson, on Saturday, to three years apiece in the state prison. They persisted in affirming that they were simply umbrella menders on their way west, and the tools used in that trade were found upon them. But they had broken the lock of the car door, and the car contained dry goods.

Two little sons of Mr. Coker, near Roswell, Ga., got to fighting, when a third son tried to part them. The two that were fighting were respectively 12 and 7 years old. The one that tried to part them is 10 years old. When he found out that he could not stop the fight he picked up what he supposed to be a clod of dirt, but which proved to be a stone. With this he ran up to the oldest boy and hit him on the head for the purpose of stopping the fight, but which resulted in his death within two hours.

A COUPLE were lately married in Turin, but, in consequence of harsh treatment, the wife soon after returned to her family, and applied for a divorce. The husband then sought an interview with her, and induced her to return at once to his house. That night he stripped her, put her into a bag until she was suffocated, and then dropped her into a narrow well in her mother's garden. The corpse was discovered by means of an illuminating mirror from the top of the well. The husband confessed his crime and was executed.

MISS HILL sued Mr. Harrison, at Saybrook, Conn., for \$10,000, because he failed to keep his promise of marriage. She testified that she was twenty-one years old, and he sixty-three. She loved him, she said, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, though she was greatly shocked when she learned how old he really was. She supposed him to be about forty, until he took off a black, curly wig, and showed a small remnant of gray hair. She fainted at the sight, but afterward became reconciled to him. Then he in turn grew cool.

OVER a lonely grave in Grattan Township, Kent county, there is a headstone upon which is inscribed the following lines:

"Margaret Hurley is my name,
Ireland is my nation;
Vergennes my residing place,
And heaven my expectation.
The grass is green, the rose is red,
This tells my name when I am dead,
When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little stone will tell my name
When I am quite forgotten."

LAST year it was a French nobleman who rode a fine horse to death on a senseless and cruel bet. This year Italy has seen the deed repeated. On the 3d of April Count Greppo, who had made a wager of 10,000 francs with Prince Belmont to drive four horses from Rome to Naples without changing, in twenty-four hours, started at 11 P. M., in the lightest possible trap, with a coachman. Two vehicles containing the holder of the stakes, a veterinary surgeon, and a coach-maker, followed. At Gaeta one of the horses began to limp, and at 9 P. M., when ten kilometres from Naples, it fell down exhausted. The bet was thus all won. As it is, the 10,000 francs is to go to the poor. "Charity," according to St. Peter, "shall cover the multitude of sins," but in this case it is to be hoped the prince who gave his ill-won bet to the poor did it in shame and contrition and as an act of penance.

A YOUNG couple recently presented themselves at the principal church in a suburb of Odessa and requested the priest to marry them. When they reached the altar-rails and were there awaiting the fulfillment of their dearest hopes, the priest, detecting a certain unsteadiness of gait in the bridegroom, which appeared incompatible with the solemnity of the occasion, declined to perform his sacerdotal office upon a person whom he described as a "boozing swine." Indignant at the untimely inebriety, the father of the drunkard seized him by the collar, dragged him out of the church and labored him soundly with a stout cudgel in the vain hope of restoring him to such self-possession as might qualify him to undergo the marriage ceremony with ordinary steadfastness. The bride's father took a more practical view of the situation. Addressing the congregation from the altar-steps, he declared his daughter freed from her matrimonial engagement, and further stated that any eligible candidate for her hand, presenting himself there and then, might wed her on the spot, without incurring any expense, and count upon a fond parent's tender blessing to boot. Two aspirants came forward. After inspection by the bride and brief interrogation as to their respective worldly means and position, one was politely dismissed and the other took the "boozing swine's" place at the altar, where, a few minutes later, he was made a happy husband.

A Yankee Youth's Guillotine.

[Subject of Illustration.] One of the most ingenious engines of destruction ever put together, was that of young Pillsbury, at Chelsea, Mass. The machine consisted of two perpendicular pieces of joist about two feet apart and

reaching from the floor to the roof of the barn. About six feet from the floor had been adjusted in a piece of wood a large, sharp ax, so that it moved up and down in a groove. This ax was held in its place by a water pot filled with water, attached to a lever, which in turn was made to support the ax. A hole had been made in the water pot, so that when sufficient water had leaked from it to overcome the leverage above the ax would fall. When all arrangements had been made the young man got upon his knees, and, putting his head through an aperture made at the bottom, calmly awaited death. He had previously supplied himself with about two pounds of ether, and while the water was slowly dripping from the pot he placed the ether to his mouth. When found the head was only hanging to the body by a small piece of flesh. It is not strong even in death, call his attention to Pillsbury's invention.

FUN ON THE STREET

For the Boys—The Old Man Lays in Wait for His Spouse After Meetin' and Speaks His Mind About Matters and Things.

NEWCASTLE, Ind., April 26.—There was a family row of large proportions between a gentleman and his handsome spouse last night, on one of the principal streets of this city, that is the general topic of conversation to-day, and has created no little excitement. As usual the green-eyed monster is the disturbing element in this case. It is alleged that the affair has been brewing for some time, and, so far as the true inwardness of the trouble can be obtained, it is about as follows:

The wife is vivacious and rather handsome, and fond of running around, and, it is alleged, has an admirer in a young man of the town, upon whom she lavishes more smiles than is thought generally to be compatible with a perfectly straight walk with a married lady, and that he has not been averse to this evident favoritism; has, in fact, encouraged it by taking walks with her of an evening and taking her home from places of amusement or entertainment when her liege lord was not on hand.

The result has been that rumors derogatory to her virtue have been whispered about, and these rumors coming to the ears of the old man last evening, culminated in an explosion of the biggest kind. She, it is alleged, left home in the evening, saying she was going to church, and he, having been put on his guard, as the story goes, concluded he would look a little out, and did so.

After she had left him, contrary to his usual custom, followed her up town, and hung around on the street until church was out, and discovered that his wife was not in the crowd of worshippers leaving any of the churches. Then he instituted a search and found his spouse, when high words followed, and he told her she had told him as many lies as she could as to her goings and comings, and that his eyes were opened at last to the state of affairs. She sassed back, and there was a lively row on the street and considerable profanity, especially on the part of the lady, which, considering their standing in society being of the best heretofore, amazed and shocked the public ear, and indicated that all church-going ladies are not always saintly in their conversation.

It is alleged that she has been drawing the wool over her old man's eyes in various ways for a good long time; that she at one time told him she was going to a carpet rag sewing in the evening, when in fact she slipped off and went to a dance and had fun with the boys. The lady and gentleman both have stood well in society here, he being a hard working, industrious, praying man, and she a rather handsome, vivacious married lady, whose character was never called in question. Evidently the fun has only commenced, and there will probably be further developments.

AWFUL MEAN AMERICA.

Miss Platt Would Not Marry a Man in It, so a Little Ruse is Resorted to Which Proves Just "Too Cute for Anythink."

She was pretty and wilful, and when she vowed that she wouldn't under any consideration be married in "this awfully mean America," the young man in the case gave up in despair. The young woman, Miss Mary Platt, had been visiting a sister in Los Angeles, Cal., and had agreed to marry a San Francisco lover, Mr. W. P. Walker, if he would follow her back to her home in Surry, England. Miss Platt was prejudiced violently against the States. Whence arose the prejudice no one could say. Some said this and others that, but when a blunt "Why?" would be thrown at Miss Platt herself, she invariably tossed her head, stamped her foot and reasoned pointedly as follows: "Because—that's why." Anyhow Mr. Walker was in a fix. He had used his tongue in behalf of America until it would no longer wag, and though the future Mrs. Walker had yielded so far as to admit that if she must live permanently in San Francisco she must, she wouldn't agree to a marriage in America. Things remained in this unpleasant attitude until Friday two weeks ago, when a happy thought struck Walker. He summoned the wedding guests and induced the bride and her maids to board a steamer. Sounding the whistle he steered boldly toward the heart of the Pacific. When Captain Randall announced that the steamer was three leagues from the California coast the cabin table was moved to the upper deck and a clergyman took his place at its head. The party gathered around, and Miss Platt was made Mrs. Walker. The sea was so rough that the bride clutched the edge of the table during the ceremony. Under the April sun the steamer turned prow toward the Golden Gates. Pent-up emotions soon made it necessary for the gentlemen of the party to support the drooping forms of several of the ladies, the bride included, and there was a succession of affecting scenes until smooth water had been reached. It was romantic, to say the least.

TERRIBLE! AWFUL! BAD!

Getting Worse and Worse, and if this Thing Keeps Up, Talmage Must Invent More Adjectives.

THOMAS McCARTY GOT BOOZEY,

And Babble a Confession that Will Place Him where Whiskey Never Troubleshoot.

A DIVORCED WIFE SEEKS REVENGE.

Helen Waters Responds to a Call, and Runs Against a Razor.

ENDING AN UNHAPPY LIFE.

A Detective Shadows Mr. Day, and Learns Some Things which Make Three Souls Happy.

PETER STINE CORRECTS HIS DAUGHTER.

SO CONSIDERATE! A condemned murderer in Connecticut, compelled by the inexorable rules of the prison to sacrifice his moustache, had it cut off and presented it to a lady who had been kind to him since his arrest.

JUST LIKE THE GOV. DALLAS, Tex., April 24.—Crawford and Smith, of this city, attorneys for Benj. Krebs and James Preston, sentenced to be hanged at Gainesville on the 30th inst., for the murder of the England family, in Montague county, in August, 1876, received a telegram from Austin to-night that the death sentence was commuted by the governor to imprisonment.

WAS MADE TO STOP. SAYBROOK, Ill., April 26.—John Dyer, a notorious desperado, who has caused much trouble to the people of this region, appeared in town yesterday afternoon, whereupon an alarm was given, and 150 citizens turned out to hunt him. He was followed into the woods, and, refusing to halt, was shot several times and captured. He may survive.

A VIOLENT DEATH. The dead body of Miss Jennie Reynolds, aged twenty-five years, was found in a board yard in a prominent part of Columbus, Ohio, on Friday morning. An examination showed marks of violence about her throat, but otherwise the body was uninjured. The supposition is that the young woman was decoyed into the place and choked to death, but that her murderer fearing arrest left before outraging the body.

HEART BROKEN. WHITE MILLS, Wayne Co., Pa., April 23.—A case of insanity, caused by love, came to light to-day. Miss Susan Schenck, eldest daughter of Charles D. Schenck, of this place, being the victim. The lover was a young Virginian. He went to New England recently and there died. The news of his death was kept from the young lady until the belief that he had deserted her overthrew her reason. She will be sent to an asylum.

THE BENDERS STILL LIVE. DUBUQUE, Ia., April 28.—A highly sensational story comes from Grandy Center, Blackhawk county. It is to the effect that the notorious Bender family of Kansas, father, mother and Kate, are living there, and have been under the close watch of Colonel Birt and a couple of other detectives of Kansas. Colonel Shattuck, of the Northwestern Detective Association, has also received word that the family are unquestionably the Benders.

COVE BENNETT TO LECTURE. Covert D. Bennett, who was recently, on a second trial, acquitted of the murder of Police Officer Richard H. Smith, of Jersey City, has engaged the Academy of Music there for the 4th of May for a lecture. The lecture it is understood, will be somewhat novel in its character, treating exclusively of his mental experiences and feelings during the term of his incarceration, which was about eighteen months. It is said to be extremely interesting.

PRESIDENTIAL PARDON. WASHINGTON, April 26.—The President has pardoned E. M. Maxwell, who is serving a court-martial sentence of two years in the Texas State Prison at San Antonio, Texas. Maxwell had only about a month more to serve. The pardon is based on the ground of

good behavior while in prison. Maxwell was formerly a detective of the Treasury Secret Service, and was appointed a Second Lieutenant of the Twentieth Infantry soon after the inauguration of President Hayes. In addition to his sentence of imprisonment Maxwell was dismissed the Army.

AN AWFUL AFFAIR.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., April 25.—A white woman named Helen Waters, while sitting in her house heard a voice calling her on the outside. Going to the window, she put her head out and asked who it was. The only reply was an unknown assassin drawing a sharp knife across her throat and face. The villain failed to cut the main artery, but inflicted a fearful wound, from which the blood flowed freely. She screamed and a policeman rushed in to find her lying in a pool of blood on the floor. She says a man named Matt. Cody did the deed, but he proved an alibi. The woman will recover.

THE QUEEN IS DEAR.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 24.—Mrs. Colonel Green, Queen of the Cleveland *demi-monde*, died to-day, worth \$100,000. She gave large sums to charities through an agent, but acquired her property as a purveyor of illicit pleasures. The mysterious death of one of her girls years ago was at one time attributed to her, and it is reported that the house is still haunted by the dead girl's spirit. Several years ago Mrs. Green adopted a young girl whom she educated at Oberlin College and then took her to Europe for a year. This girl gets the bulk of her property, but is ignorant of her adopted mother's antecedents.

WILKS, THE WRETCH.

SPRINGFIELD, April 28.—Vague but sickening details of a terrible outrage committed a few days since at Marionville, Lawrence county, have reached here. A youth, twenty-one years of age, by the name of James Wilks, went to the house of the Widow Helm, half a mile east of that town, and, finding no one about the premises but a twelve-year-old daughter of Mrs. Helm, went into the house and locked the door. He then seized her and tied her so that she could not move, while he violated her person, her struggles and screams being of no avail. Her injuries are so great that she is not expected to recover. The fiend has been arrested, and will be punished by due course of law.

UNCLE ALMUN.

WATERBURY, Vt., April 27.—A girl named Meeker, living in Duxbury, had been missing since last Friday. Yesterday suspicion rested on Almun Meeker, a man twenty years old, who was an uncle of the girl, and who, when arrested, confessed that the girl being cross, they wanted to get rid of her, and they bought strichine and started for the Waterbury River Valley. The man and his mother gave the strichine to the girl in sweetened water, and after they had come about one hundred rods further the victim died. They then tied a handkerchief over her mouth and buried her in a swamp. Meeker accompanied an officer and found the body, and to-day physicians are making an examination.

A WOMAN ON THE WARPATH.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 25.—Recently a novel little entertainment occurred at Doctor Town, in south Georgia. It was while enjoying the comforts of a peaceful home that Mrs. S. S. Moore was disturbed by the appearance at her house of a divorced Mrs. Moore in a warlike spirit. She exhibited a brace of pistols, and was accompanied by a colored man. Mrs. S. S. Moore at once discovered that the divorced woman possessed some sort of animosity, and had come prepared to have satisfaction, so she ran around her dwelling-house pursued by the former Mrs. Moore with drawn pistols. Attracted by her screams for help, neighbors came to the rescue of the last Mrs. Moore, when the former fled. She has been arrested in Savannah, and will be brought back and tried for assault.

A DISAGREEMENT AND DEATH.

The body of a child a few days old was found in the Morris Canal, in Lafayette, Jersey City, N. J., April 27th. On the order of Chief of Police Murphy, Mary Lynn, who lives on Communipaw avenue, with a name named Foley, was arrested on suspicion of infanticide. The story is that Mrs. Lynn and her husband have not lived together for nearly a year. When Mrs. Lynn was about to become a mother she endeavored to hold her husband for the support of the child, but he denied its paternity. Soon after the child's birth it disappeared, and nothing could be learned of its whereabouts. The charge is that the babe found in the canal is Mrs. Lynn's. She is held to await the coroner's investigation. An inquest will be held.

IS HE A LIAR?

SEALIA, Mo., April 24.—Tillman Fry may not be a rural Munchausen, but he tells some entertaining tales. The evening before Sell's Circus showed, April 22, Fry met by chance a pleasant young man. They took a drink, of course. Then they took a walk on the railroad track to an unfrequented portion of the city. A villain with two revolvers sprang up in the gloom and halted them. He charged them with murder, and arrested Fry and his friend. The trio started for town. Suddenly the pseudo officer and the chance acquaintance pounced on Fry, put a chloroformed sponge to his nasal organ and robbed him of his wealth. Next morning Fry found himself lying on the prairie half a mile from the scene of the alleged robbery.

FATHERLY CORRECTION.

READING, Pa., April 27.—Peter Stine, a contractor, residing near here, was recently arrested and held in \$800 bail to answer the charge of assault with intent to kill his daughter, Miss Queen Stine, who a few days ago suddenly and mysteriously left home with one of her father's employees. The departure proved to be an elopement. Yesterday the daughter returned, and her father, according to the information lodged before Alderman Sepp, shot at his daughter and committed a violent assault upon her. The ball of the revolver whizzed close to her ear. She had come to him to ask his mercy and forgiveness. Her

lover and supposed husband made the information leading to the father's arrest. Prior to the elopement Miss Stine presided over a large boarding-house for her father, where her lover resided. It is reported that the couple were married in this city. The contractor will have a hearing Wednesday evening.

BUG POISON INSTEAD OF WHISKY.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 27.—James Kennedy, residing near this city, met with a sudden death yesterday, under peculiar circumstances. It appears that he had just been promoted to the dignity of a father, and was in high spirits in consequence. In order to raise his spirits still higher he betook of a certain black bottle in a certain closet in which some choice Canadian whisky was to be found. Hastily summoning his neighbors to join him in celebrating the advent of the youngest of the Kennedys, he produced a bottle and led off by taking a copious draught. The next instant he was writhing in convulsions on the floor in the presence of his agonized wife, who was lying in bed, and of the horror-stricken neighbors. By mistake he had taken out a bottle containing a certain virulent poison designed for the extirpation of bugs and such like vermin. The unfortunate man lingered some hours and at last died in great agony, the poison having eaten the coating of his stomach entirely away. The poor widow is in a very low condition and is not expected to recover.

DAY'S DOING.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 24.—Last June the GAZETTE contained an account of the amorous doings of E. G. Day, a business man highly connected socially in this city. It was stated among other things at that time that Day had written a tender epistle to a wealthy young widow, which was intercepted and made public, and which showed that he had base designs upon her. Day shortly afterwards removed to New York, where the widow had preceded him. Society here has been startled by the announcement that Mrs. Day has secured a divorce in the New York Courts, on the ground of Day's adultery with this widow. A detective was employed by her to shadow Day, and he was found going to the widow's elegant house in New York at eleven o'clock at night, and emerging at three in the morning. To cap the climax, it is reported that the widow whose husband has been dead a number of years, is now in an interesting condition, and that Day is rejoicing at being divorced, since it gives him an opportunity to secure a new and beautiful wife and a handsome fortune, with a prospective heir.

PISTOL PRACTICE.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 27.—A special dispatch from Bloomington, Ill., to the Times says a double tragedy took place at Padua township, eighteen miles east of Bloomington, yesterday. A short time ago a man named Baile, the brother-in-law of Abraham G. Hendryx, accused the latter of maltreating his wife and tried to shoot him, for which Baile was indicted. This indictment was to have been dismissed on Saturday last, but was not. Yesterday morning Baile, accompanied by Frank Stoneom, went to the house of Hendryx and called him out. Hot words ensued, and Baile and Stoneom drew their pistols. Seeing their action, Hendryx drew a large Colt's revolver and fired, his first shot going clean through Baile's body, killing him instantly. Stoneom began retreating, when Hendryx turned, and as he turned fired twice, both bullets hitting Stoneom, one passing through his lungs, from the effects of which he died in the afternoon. Several persons witnessed the shooting, but no attempt was made to arrest Hendryx. He disappeared, but subsequently returned and surrendered himself, claiming that he fired in self-defence.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., April 27.—A curious and shocking accident occurred in Readington, a small town eight miles from here, on Friday last, resulting in the death of the daughter of Peter Hyler, a well-known farmer. The little one, four years old, accompanied her mother to feed the chickens, and remained near the wagon-house to play after the mother had returned. When half an hour had elapsed, the mother grew anxious about the child, and went to look for her. To her horror she found the dead body of her child suspended by the neck from the door of a corn-crib, which is built in the wagon-house. The door is composed of boards which slide up and down in a groove. Some of the upper boards had previously been shoved up, where they had caught fast, thus leaving an opening about four feet from the ground. It is supposed that in playing the little girl put her head through this opening and swung her feet against the boards forming the lower part of the door. The jar must have caused the upper boards to fall, and, catching the child's head, they imprisoned her and choked her to death. Her feet did not reach the ground by about three inches, so that she could not free herself from the terrible position.

WHISKY'S WOFUL WORK.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 25.—Thomas McCarty, a victim of mania potu, arrested in Allegheny City last Friday night, while suffering from the dread disease, accused himself of drowning a friend named Frank Pinkman. No attention was given his ravings at first, the officers thinking they emanated solely in his disordered brain. His story has since been corroborated however, by the continued absence of Pinkman, and the statement of a woman living in an old boat, who says she heard cries of distress, and looking out of the window saw two men struggling in the water. She turned away for a moment, when looking again only one man was in sight, who rapidly disappeared up the river bank; also by the finding of a body in the river near where McCarty claims he committed the deed. The coroner has taken charge of the body, and will hold an inquest to-day. Pinkman and McCarty left their boarding house together Friday evening. It is supposed McCarty, in the depression of his malady, went to the river to commit suicide. Pinkman, to save him, followed into the water, and then McCarty turned on him, dragged him into deep water and deliberately held him under until life was extinct. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that

Frank Pinkman came to his death by drowning at the hands of Thomas McCarty, while the latter was laboring under a fit of mania potu.

A HOME FOR LIFE.

Michal McInerney and Patrick Grimes drank together pretty freely on the night of February 11th. As they were approaching the house 846 First avenue, in which Grimes lived, they became engaged in a quarrel, in which McInerney got worsted. The latter thereupon went in search of his brother, Martin, and both returned to renew the quarrel. Martin, who had armed himself with a heavy club, struck Grimes a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. While the injured man was prostrate, Michael McInerney drew a revolver and fired two shots, one of which took effect in Grimes's side. The wounded man was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died. The McInerney brothers, who were private watchmen, living at 273 Hudson street, were subsequently arrested and an indictment for murder in the first degree was found against them. Their victim was a man of good character, and was only twenty-four years of age. When the case was called by Assistant District Attorney Russell, in General Sessions, the McInerney brothers, through their counsel, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. The plea was accepted, and the prisoners were remanded by Recorder Smith in order that they might have an opportunity of settling their affairs. The law prescribes only one penalty for murder in the second degree—imprisonment for life—and to that punishment the brothers McInerney were consigned by the recorder on the 29th ult.

ACCUSED OF RAPE.

SOMERSET, Ky., April 23.—J. C. Goff, better known as Crawford Goff, was brought to this place yesterday by Detective Daly, of Louisville, and placed in jail; charged with rape upon the person of a Mrs. Richardson, a widow, residing in the lower part of this country. The alleged crime was committed about a month ago, and is a very bad case, the particular Sheriff Tate gave your reporter as follows: Goff, it is said, met Mrs. Richardson at a house in the neighborhood in which they live, and under some pretext decoyed her away, and, after getting her into a convenient place where they could not be seen, drew a pistol and told her he would kill her if she did not accede to his desires; and also told her he had already killed one woman for having refused him. Under these threats it is alleged he accomplished his purpose twice before allowing her to depart. On arrival at home the woman told her friends of the outrage, and parties immediately set out for his capture, but he had either heard of or suspected his exposure, and left for parts unknown, and was heard from no more until arrested this week in Louisville as a suspicious character by Detective Blith. When Blith learned from Goff that he was from this county he wrote to Sheriff Tate, who immediately sent a copy of the indictment and a warrant. Goff is now in jail here, but is trying to get out on bonds of \$500. He is a young man about twenty-two years of age, cross-eyed and bad-looking generally. The woman it is charged he outraged is rather ignorant, but is of good family and is about thirty-five years of age.

NOT THE RIGHT THING.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—Captain Edward M. Wright committed suicide here to-day. Some two years ago the deceased married a divorced woman. She was strikingly beautiful. The marriage, owing to the indiscretions of the wife, was not a happy one, and it is thought the domestic difficulties between them led to Wright's untimely taking off. Captain Wright was an officer of the Ordnance Corps of the United States Army. He has acquired considerable reputation as an inventor of valuable improvements in guns and missiles, and was much absorbed in this line of experiment and study. For some time past he has been in ill-health and in depressed spirits, and lately he came to his father's residence in this city, and has been since under the treatment of Dr. Basil Norris, of the army. This morning when one of his brothers went to his room he was awake, and in reply to a question he said that he had had a very bad night, not having slept any. It was then suggested that while his room was being put in order he should go into his brother's apartment adjoining, and he at once complied, without dressing himself, and the brother went down stairs. In a short time thereafter the report of a pistol was heard, and hastening to the room Captain Wright was found dead on the bed. In his right hand he firmly grasped a Smith & Wesson pocket pistol of full size, and on examination it was found that the ball had entered the head a little over the right ear, and passed out about on a line on the opposite side of the head, going through the head-board and making a small indentation in the wall and falling on the floor.

SMOTHERS, THE BRUTE.

Convicted, and Likely to be Furnished a Home for Thirty Years.

Thomas Smothers, the negro who committed the murderous assault some weeks ago upon a young white lady named Lena Leins, in Washington, was found guilty of the charge on Tuesday last. This was one of the most outrageous and brutal attacks ever committed on a defenseless woman by a brute in the form of a man. Her person was cut and mangled to such a degree that she was hardly recognizable. After torturing his victim for several hours the fiend left her, and some time during the night she crawled as best she could to her home. There have been several outrages committed on young white girls in the same vicinity in the past year, and it is now supposed that Smothers is guilty of them all. The extreme penalty of the law in the District of Columbia ought to be death, but it is thirty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. If Smothers gets his just dues under the law, he will probably be less of a brute when he serves his term out. His portrait recently appeared in the GAZETTE.

CHOKED OFF.

Suicide of One of the Most Successful Forgers of His Time—Confinement did not Agree with Him, and He Quit.

Spence Pettis, one of the most successful forgers of his time, was found dead in his cell on the morning of the 23d inst. He had hanged himself with a cord attached to a bracket fastening. Pettis was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and he had served about six. Pettis had been for twenty-five years past prominent among the criminals of the country. He was a native of Virginia, and came to this city when quite a lad, in 1850, and commenced his criminal career by picking pockets in Fulton Market. He was a pupil and companion of "Laughing Joe" and George King, alias "Curly George." His first arrest was for picking pockets, and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Sing Sing, but was pardoned in 1852. In the same year he was arrested for shoplifting, and was again sentenced to five years' imprisonment. This term he only partially served. After his release he became connected with Bill Yates, Bill Fox and Fred Wilson, all notorious thieves. In company with these men he made a thieving tour through the southern states. They were arrested at Columbia, S. C., and on conviction were whipped at the whipping-post, had their heads shaved, and were sent to the penitentiary. In 1856 Pettis formed the acquaintance of a woman known as Della Lees, of whom he made a clever pickpocket. Together they went to England, where they were arrested while picking pockets in the Crystal Palace in London. After his release from prison for this crime, Pettis deserted the woman Lees, and took up with Ellen Coffey, whom he married under the name of Charles Spencer. This woman, who was afterward

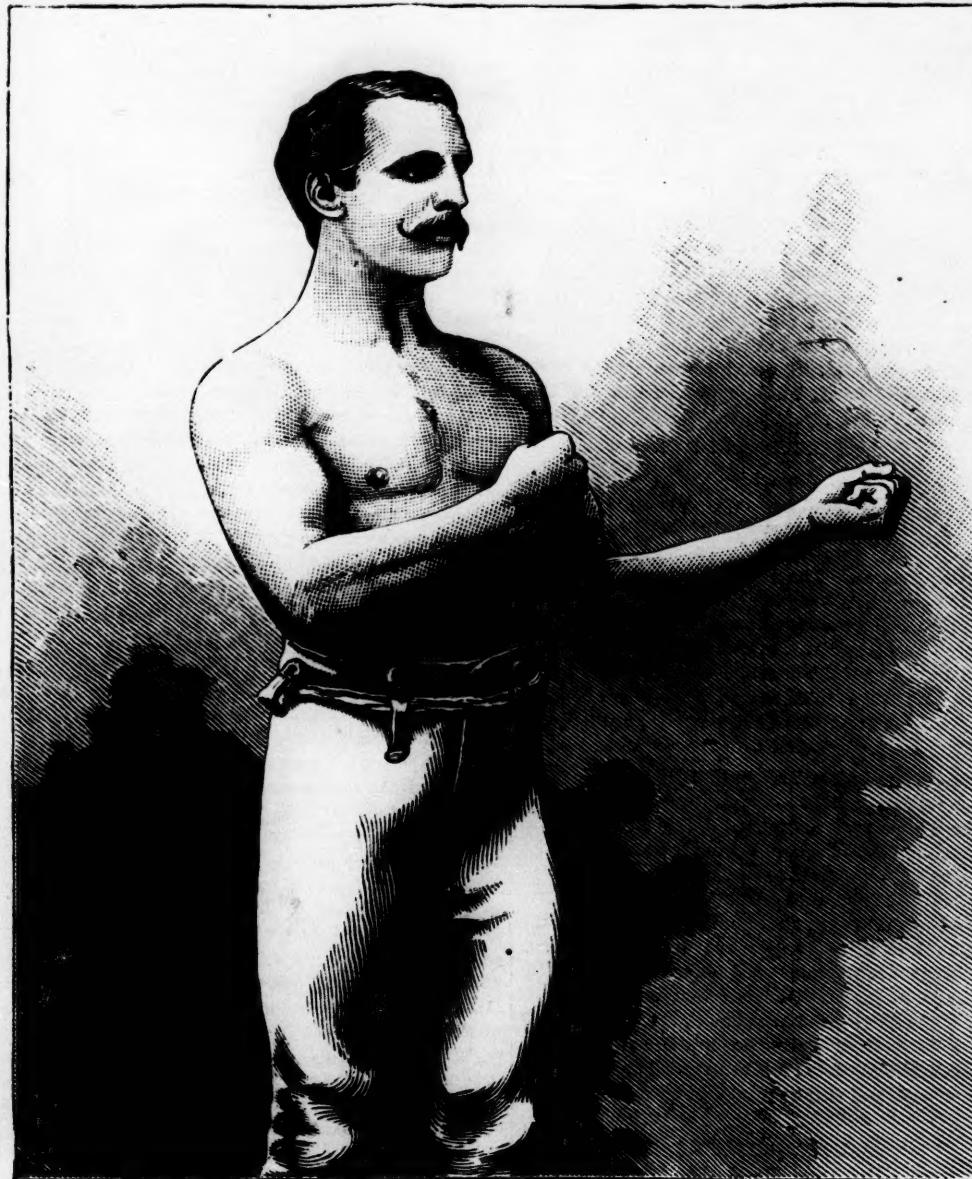
DESERTED BY HIM.

was shot in the leg while plying her vocation among the crowd in Eighth avenue during the Orange riot of 1871. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where her leg was amputated, and she afterward returned to England, where she is now living. While in London, Pettis committed a number of thefts, and for one committed at the Langham Hotel, served a term of imprisonment. After his release he returned to this city, where he opened a drinking place, which soon became a resort for thieves. In 1866 he was arrested by Detectives Farley and Elder, of this city, for a forgery committed in Philadelphia. In 1868 he was again in the hands of the police for forgery on the Chemical Bank. He escaped without punishment.

Pettis next blossomed out as a bank burglar, his first job being the attempted robbery of the bank at Pine Plains, N. Y. In this he was concerned with Thomas Shortleigh, alias "Blacksmith Tom." Two attempts were made to rob this bank, but both were unsuccessful. He was concerned in robbing a Government Paymaster of \$75,000 during the closing year of the war, and took part with Ira Garadier and Walter Patterson in a forgery of \$25,000 on the Bank of Commerce in this city. To give a list of the crimes with which Pettis was connected would be to give the criminal history of the city. For years he was the moving spirit in every large forgery or adroit bank robbery, and he was looked upon by the police as a "general utility" man—one who could turn his hand to anything in the criminal line needing

BOLD AND SKILFUL WORK.

He was a clever bank burglar and an adroit forger. As a "raiser" of cheques he was unequalled in the country, owing to his knowledge of chemicals and his skill in applying them to his nefarious purposes. The crime for which he was in prison at the time of his death was a forgery on the firm of Bowles Brothers, bankers, in Boston, by which he obtained a lot of bonds. For this crime he was arrested in this city and sent to Boston, where he was convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. While in prison he made a confession that he was concerned with



BILLY EDWARDS, CHAMPION LIGHT WEIGHT OF THE WORLD; NOW IN RETIREMENT.—SEE PAGE 6.

Roberts and Gleason in forging the Buffalo and Erie Railroad bonds. This confession was made in the presence of his wife, and on this was based an application by District Attorney Phelps for his release from prison so that his testimony might be used against Roberts and Gleason, but the Massachusetts authorities refused to release him. His wife, who, while refusing to share in the proceeds of his crimes, was true and faithful to him to the last, died about a year and a half ago. Before her death she made affidavit that the confession of her husband was manufactured out of whole cloth, and was made for the purpose of procuring his release from prison. Pettis also admitted that his confession was manufactured. Since the death of his wife Pettis has been despondent and melancholy, and he has been afflicted with softening of the brain. This doubtless led to his suicide. He was not yet fifty years of age.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

No Hope for the Famous Insurance Murderers—They Must Go.

LEBANON, April 27.—Josiah Hummel and Israel Brandt, the two Raber murderers confined in jail

here, and who are to be hanged on May 13th, are very much depressed over the refusal of the Board of Pardons to interfere in their case. When notified of the action of the Board Brandt replied: "Well, I have one chance yet;" but when questioned as to what the chance was he refused to tell. He shows great enmity toward Henry F. Wise, another of the murderers, who turned State's evidence against his partners in crime. Brandt and Hummel both say they will not march to the scaffold with Wise, as he is too contemptibly mean, while Wise says he hopes the two men will now repent of their evil deeds, and that they will all go to heaven together.

Wise was a few days since visited by his wife and five little children, the oldest about twelve years of age, and as they sat on the little cot in the cell of their father, with tears streaming down their cheeks, the scene was anything but pleasant. He has given up all hope, and busies himself, day and night, reading his prayer-book, and otherwise preparing for death. He says he is sorry for the part he took in causing the death of old man Raber.

The three men will be hanged at the same time from the same scaffold. Requests for passes to witness the execution are pouring in on the sheriff from all quarters.

JINED THE GIPSIES.

A Young Girl's Queer Choice—"Love Will go Where it is Sent, if It's a Mud-Hole."

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 22.—A sensation was created here to-day by the discovery of an elopement. This morning there arrived in the city Mrs. Gaddis and two sons, of Kentucky. She stated that she was in search of a runaway daughter, who had linked her fortunes with a Gipsy named Cornelius Stager. Mrs. Gaddis, on reaching the city, started on a tour of observation. While strolling along the public square she was agreeably surprised to see at a short distance in advance of her the Gipsy band. Although disappointed at not finding her daughter with them, she was confident that she was at the camp, which she knew was located in or near the city.

Meeting Marshal Etter, she requested him to arrest three women whom she pointed out to him, which he did, informing them of the charges made against them. Ascertaining the location of the camp, the officers proceeded at once to make the arrest. Arriving at the camp, near the rolling-mill, they were not long in finding the girl for whom the mother had been searching for some days. The daughter at first would not voluntarily accompany the officers. A little persuasion soon induced her to change her mind, and she proceeded peacefully. Stager was committed to jail, and the girl, avowing it as her purpose to stick close to him, was placed in the calaboose until such time as she should consent to rejoin her mother.

Miss Gaddis in answer to inquiries said she ran away with the Gipsy because she loved him. They intended to get married in this city. She has been with Stager over two weeks, and it is said they have lived together as man and wife during that time. She says she will never desert him, and he states he will marry her instanter if allowed. The girl says she is willing to remain in the calaboose any length of time if it will result in her retaining her lover.

Hard Luck.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The poverty of strolling players is proverbial. The new combination system of theatrical companies has infested the country with a lot of "snap" organizations who "trust to luck and stare fate in the face" with a vengeance, and in the majority of cases fate is dead against them. Hotels and railroad companies are "worked" for board and travelling expenses greatly to the detriment of their treasury, and the poor players eventually reach New York literally broken up in health and wardrobe. About the most striking instance of poverty yet recorded is that which the "Among the Mormons" combination experienced during their recent peregrinations. At one place where they stopped to play an engagement the wearing apparel of the leading man had become so seedy that he was obliged to "wear the manager's dress suit, that worthy accommodatingly sitting in the wings *en dishabille* during the act. This interesting condition of affairs will serve to point the fact that the life of the actor is not quite so rooseate as it appears to those before the footlights.

Happy Thought.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Last week a boy sixteen years of age was putting stamp on a large number of newspapers at the post office in Portland, Me., when a lady came in who bought a 3-cent stamp, and then turning to the boy, coolly asked him to run out his tongue. The boy did so, when the lady moistened her 3-cent stamp on it, applied it to the letter, mailed it and walked off.



HARD LUCK—A TRAVELING THEATRICAL COMPANY BECOME SO POVERTY STRICKEN THAT THE LEADING MAN IS FORCED TO BORROW THE MANAGER'S DRESS SUIT, THAT WORTHY SITTING IN THE WINGS *EN DISHABILLE* DURING THE PERFORMANCE; CHICAGO, ILL.

PERSECUTION.

A Conspiracy to Ruin a Woman's Character—Whisky as an Agent of Destruction.

A few days since a woman was locked up at the Cleveland, O., central station on the charge of being insane. Some singular facts in connection therewith have been learned. From the story of relatives, it appears that she belongs in Wheeling, where her husband's family occupies a leading social position. The woman was a poor girl before her marriage, which was in opposition to the wishes of the father of the young man. Some time since the young husband sent his wife to her sister's, in Cleveland, saying that he would follow her shortly. He subsequently visited Cleveland, and during his absence afterward a daily correspondence was kept up between the couple.

About three weeks ago two ladies came here from Wheeling, sent, it is alleged, by the young man's father to bring disgrace, if possible, upon the young wife. She was taken out by them on several occasions, and once, upon going to a photographer's, returned slightly intoxicated. She said the photographer pressed upon her a glass of wine, and it is claimed that the photographer was previously made a party to the plot to

MAKE THE WOMAN DRUNK.

On the night of April 15, the young wife returned to her sister's, after being out all day. She was accompanied by her husband, and was intoxicated. An explanation was demanded by the woman's sister. The husband stated that he had received a telegram the evening before from Cleveland, informing him that if he would call at a certain saloon on Euclid avenue the next day he would find his wife with a well-known sporting man of Wheeling. On receiving the telegram he started at once, and on his arrival, he went to the Forest City House and there engaged a hack and drove to the place named, and found his wife. When he reached the place, he heard his wife's voice in an adjoining room, and begged in. What he said or what he did to her he professed to be utterly ignorant of, although he admitted that if he had been armed he would have shot her. He put his wife (who was insensible, having been drugged, as since proven) into a hack and brought her to her sister's.

The Wheeling ladies and the photographer disappeared at this stage of the scene.

On the 16th of April the young husband's father called at a house on Garden street from Wheeling, and asked if his son was there. He was informed that he was, and requested a moment's interview with him. The father and son met in the parlor, and

A STORMY SCENE

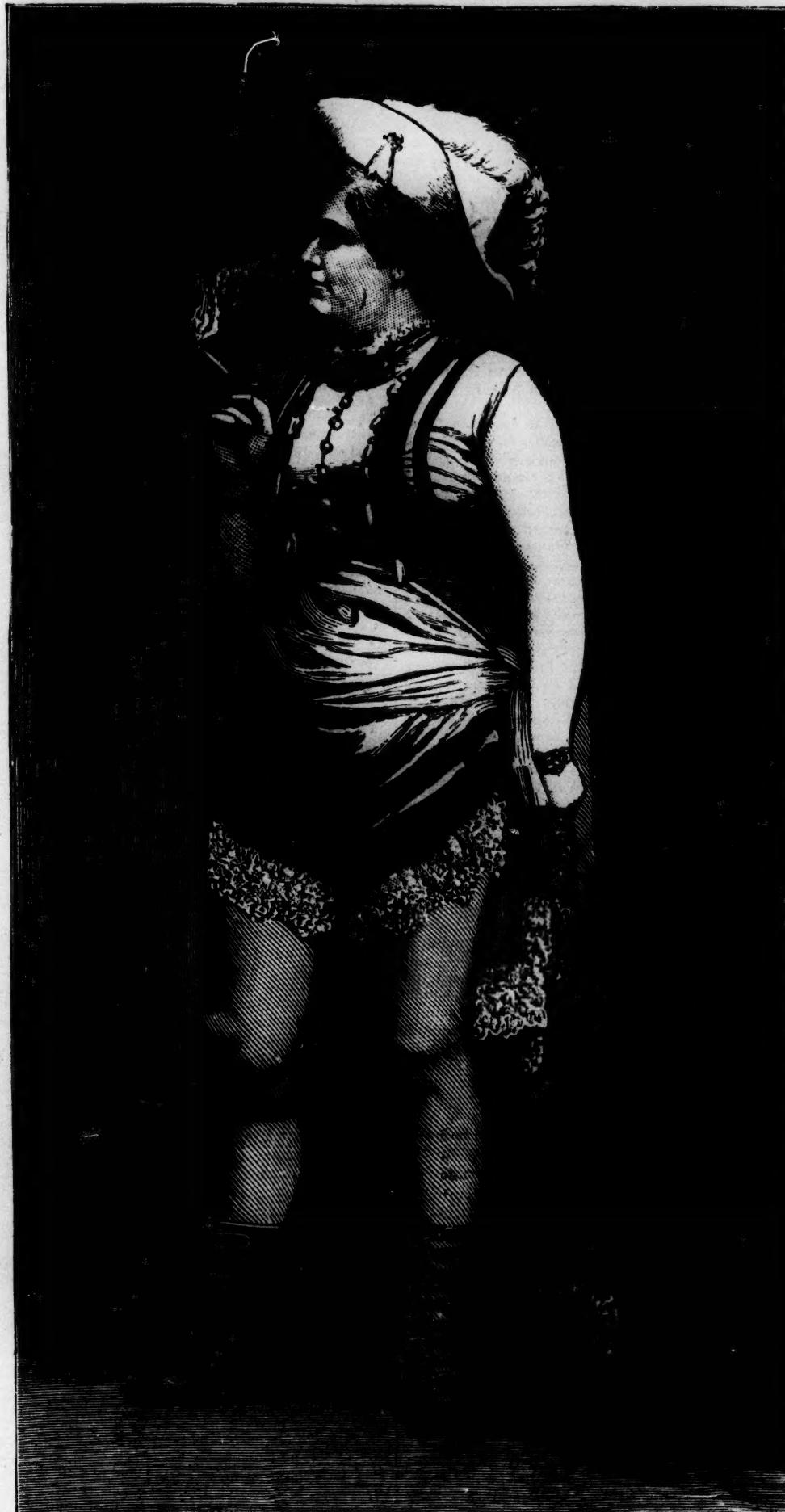
was the result. Holding a pistol in his right hand and opening the door with his left, he said to his son: "There is one of two things you can do; come with me at once, or I'll kill you where you stand." The son left with his father, and as he passed out he whispered to his wife, "Keep up your courage; I'll write to-morrow." Two days after his departure, the wife received a letter from her husband, in which he stated that the professed photographer and the ladies were spies sent to Cleveland by his father, and that there was a deep-laid plot to separate them, or to so injure or compromise her character that a separation would ensue. This letter was shown by the young wife to her sister, and by her to her husband.

Many things that had occurred which appeared strange were made clear by the letter. A solution of the plot, which had been woven about the wife by her father-in-law, before them. The mysterious sickness of the last week, which their physician had said was caused by the administration of poison, was accounted for. The annoyance of having strange men call at unusual hours of the night on some flimsy excuse was accounted for. The family hardly knew what to do or how to act, and while debating among themselves how to guard and protect the young woman from the machinations of her father-in-law, the alleged cause of all the trouble, she became a raving maniac, and had to be removed to the insane asylum. The father-in-law is a prominent manufacturer of Wheeling.

The End of a Sinful Life.

[With Portrait.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
BIG LAKE, Stevens Co., W. T., April 25.—On the



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—EMMIE YOUNG, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS.

evening of March 29th, our town was thrown into a state of excitement by a man riding in with the news that a woman had been murdered about seven miles from "Big Lake"—which is about sixty-five miles north of this place. Our coroner started out the next evening and returned April 2 with the body. The woman was about five feet, dark complexion, regular features, and well formed; had a heart and the letters M. E., with a name under, printed on her

left fore-arm; the name was so indistinct that it could not be made out. She had been killed by a pistol ball which struck her just above the left ear. The circumstances as far as can be learned are as follows:

The woman's name was Lizzie Thomas, who left Kansas City, Kansas, in company with her husband and a man and wife named Broomfield. They went to Spokane from here to buy land from the N. P. R. R.

Co. The man Thomas had in the meanwhile left his money in the bank at Walla Walla, W. T. They found a place to suit them near Big Lake, and Thomas and Broomfield started back to Walla Walla, leaving the women at a place near Spokane until they returned. It appears they drew the money and bought a team and wagon and started back. The next we hear from them Thomas's body was found in the Touchet near Walla Walla, with a bullet hole just above the left ear. Broomfield returned to the women with the team and told them that Thomas had gone to Big Lake and that they were to go along with him and meet him. They started out and were seen several times in camp at different places. The next we hear Broomfield started back toward Walla Walla with only one woman and sold the wagon and team to a man named Bassett, who took them to Walla Walla, from which no trace of them can be found so far. Broomfield when asked where the other woman was, said she was his sister and that she had stopped at Colfax. Soon after, her body was found, as stated, perfectly naked (her clothes having been burned up) with a bullet hole in her head in exactly the same place as the man found in the Touchet—and who, although there is nothing to identify him, every one is certain he was her husband.

♦♦♦
A BRUTAL BENEDICT.

Kicks, Cuffs and Strychnine vs. Love and Protection.

MUSKEG, Ind., April 22.—A terrible case of man's cruel and inhuman treatment of his wife has just come to light in this city. The man occupies a position in a store, and has the acquaintance of a number of the highly respectable class of young men, by whom he is considered as "one of the boys."

The lady, who is very intelligent, has lived a remarkably retired life, and many wondered why she remained at home so closely. The cause of her quiet life, together with its tribulations, which are an everlasting disgrace upon its author, has been traced to her tyrannical husband. This man, who faithfully promised to "love, cherish and protect" her, has, on several occasions, beaten the unfortunate woman most shamefully, his last offense occurring last week. The poor woman's person is covered with bruises caused by kicks and cuffs, and her face to-day bears evidence of the brutal treatment of her unmerciful husband.

Not long since the woman was suffering from dyspepsia and her "kind-hearted" husband brought home some medicine. Upon being asked as to its ingredients he replied that it contained nothing but whiskey and tincture of iron. The woman took the medicine and soon afterwards commenced vomiting terribly. She turned deadly pale and endured horrible agony. Another dose was taken with like effect. The suspicions of the woman were somewhat aroused, and the medicine was taken to a couple of physicians in this city, who analyzed the same and discovered that it contained a large amount of strychnine. Whether this poisonous ingredient was knowingly placed in the medicine or by mistake is not known. On a subsequent occasion the woman entered the store where her husband is staying and complained of having the headache. The husband gave her medicine which produced the same effect as the former. The woman has never made any complaint of her husband's conduct, nor applied for a divorce because she dreads the idea of bringing the matter into the Court, but now a suit for divorce will soon follow.

♦♦♦
Laro's Leap.

Allen C. Laro, the poisoner, has escaped from the State Lunatic Hospital, near Harrisburg, Pa., by jumping from an open window. Laro put arsenic in coffee, of which all the members of the Laro family residing at Easton, and Martin Schug, a boarder, partook. The father, mother and Schug died. Young Laro was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. After his imprisonment a commission was appointed to examine into his sanity, and on their recommendation he was taken to the Harrisburg Lunatic Hospital and at the first opportunity escaped. Several months afterwards he was arrested in Tennessee and returned to the hospital, in which he remained until his last escape. It is not improbable that Laro will yet be hanged, there being grave doubts as to his insanity.



FRANK JAMES, THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW.



LIZZIE SNOW, QUEEN OF THE WASHINGTON DEMI-MONDE.



JESSE JAMES, OUTLAW AND ROAD AGENT.

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
The Clock---Midnight Scenes and
Noontide Photographs.

THE BEGGARS' REVEL.

How the Money Given in Charity is
Squandered in the Nightly
Debauch.

ESMERALDA AND HER PALSID LOVER

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

The last up train on the Metropolitan Elevated had left and we had to foot it.

Going up South Fifth Avenue, with the usual eye to business, we couldn't have missed the sign if we had tried.

It was a single board, split through the middle and held in a lopsided drunken fashion over a beetle-browed black alley between two ramshackle two-storyed frame houses. An oil lamp in a cracked reflector lantern flickered in the gusty night above it. Its blinky flame looked for all the world like the unsteady ogle of some leering drunkard. The lantern itself, perched owlishly on a couple of twisted iron legs, was one-sided, as if the oil had got into its head and was about to upset it, which, if lanterns possessed any sense of smell, would have been no wonder. To carry out the general delirium tremens illusion the two houses had sunken on their foundations until one threatened to fall upon the other and send it reeling into the yard behind the fence covered with showbills in which some cats were either serenading or trying to kill one another.

Not being an authority on feline eloquence I leave it to the reader, who having paid his money may take his choice which it was.

The light having consented to stop staggering for a moment, we read on the board, daubed on a rusty, black ground, in those spidery white letters only a French sign painter has the cheek to take money for pretending to paint.

"Aux Aneugles."

It certainly was a good place for a blind man; no one with enough eyesight to warn him would be likely to venture into it.

One, that is, but an old rouneder and your artist. For us there was but one course, which is indirectly designated by the following document now before me:

"Mr. O. Rouneder, in act, with H. Needle, Tailor,
To 1 Pair Pantaloons, \$10."

There was a name at the bottom of the document but the boy tore it off and promised to bring it back in the morning; from the fact that he didn't I infer that he is either dead, or that it is of no importance to Mr. Needle—it certainly isn't to me.

"I hope you've got your sketch-book," I remarked to Sketchley, as we floundered up the alley.

"I wish I had a cork jacket," he replied. "It would be more useful just at present."

Which represents the case in a nutshell of eloquence, and explains how Mr. Needle came to send me a bill for a pair of pantaloons.

If Jordan is a marker to that alley, I pity the pilgrims who have to travel it without boats and don't wonder that so many folks prefer the other place.

Coleridge claimed to have discovered something like seventy-two different stenches in the city of Cologne. His olfactory would have got tired of counting up on that passage if he had ever tried to reduce stink to a mathematical certainty there.

However, we got through it and came out in a square court, with buildings all around it. The buildings were all frame ones, tumble down, with crooked, squinting windows, and rickety balconies, nailed together of all sorts of odds and ends of plank, cropping out in places on them like the wren on a beggar's leg. There was a tree in the middle of the court, a gaunt, sapless, scrawny affair, whose only foliage was rags, tin cans and remnants of old wardrobe. From the first crotch of this tree a beam sprouted out and drove its other end into the front of the rear house, as if it had a grudge against it and was stabbing it to the heart. A rusty ring creaked in a corroded bolt in this beam, and a frayed rope dangled from the ring, and made snaky convolutions as the night wind toyed with it.

It seemed in a ghastly, eager way, to be squirming about in a vain search for the corpse it had lost.

The moon, a bright, full moon, was right behind this gibbet, and against its face, an object perched upon the beam, made a hideous silhouette. It was a long, lean cat, which had jumped up at the noise of our approach and stood with arched back and a tail swollen out to the size of a policeman's club spitting savagely at us.

"Look out," cried Sketchley.

And to use a forcible vulgarity he yanked me to one side.

He sketched me just in the nick of time. The cat went sailing by where I had been, landed on the ground with a thud, and disappeared ahead of a train of a diabolical howl.

"Hey! The devil! What then is this all about? Say then!"

It is hoarse voice says this, a voice like the grating of a rusty prison lock. It says it in French, and it seems to say it somewhere from the region of the ground we stand on.

"Thousand devils! Are you then deaf?"

The voice is getting mad now, and speaks in an accent that might inspire an able-bodied bull with envy. A dog barks too, a curiously sharp bark, and looking down, we see a flary light at the bottom of a flight of dubious wooden steps just under the gibbet. The dog dies up these steps as we stand looking, but halts a couple of feet away, barking at a rate which threatens to turn him inside out, like a true cur, never coming near enough to bite or to be kicked.

By this time we have made the situation out.

In the doorway of the cellar to which the unreliable staircase leads, the thing to which the voice belongs holds a glittering candle with a brandy bottle stick in its hand.

The thing might be a man, growing out of the ground, for he ends about where the tops of ordinary people's boots come. He has only one eye, a deep, inflamed cavity occupying the place where the other ought to be. The hand with which he shades the candle is gnarled and knotted like a weird warped cedar. The face the candle lights is that of a baboon—only dirtier than any baboon with an atom of respect for its race ever permits its face to become.

I explain, in my fluent Amity street French, that we are wayfarers in search of fluid refreshment, and as we both have relatives in the blind asylum, the sign at the street lured us in as promising appropriate hospitality.

"Ask them if they'll treat," calls a clear, woman's voice, in English.

We are inside the door before the candle cavalier, whom we now see to be an excessively inebriated man with legs which end at the knees in leather pads, has time to repeat the query.

Promptness in emergency is, as you know, a marked attribute of your artist and myself.

Especially when the emergency has what I may paradoxically term a fluid basis.

I knew the place the moment I set foot in it. It was the famous rendezvous of the French beggars of New York, the tavern of "The Blind Men."

It was a deep cellar, almost square, in which we found ourselves. From the low, bare beams festoons of cobwebs made hammocks for the dust and soot to rest in. At the farther end from a wan fire of cinders, showers of sparks were sucked up a black, gaping chimney from a sort of gridiron hearth. A sooty pot swung over this fire at the end of a crane. An old woman stirred it with a copper ladle, while half a dozen almost naked children squatted like cats in the warm ashes. Fierce waves of heat swept out from the glowing pile, loaded, as sea swells are with wreck, with odors of rancid grease, burning fat, garlic, tainted meat, stale beer, staler fish, ranker tobacco and the indescribable reek of unwashed humanity. There were heaps of damp rags in the corners, which steamed as if they were stewing into a devil's broth in their own juices.

"Now, then; if it's treat, talk quick. Mine's gin."

She sat on the arm of a high, red-painted, old fashioned easy-chair. One arm was wound around the neck of a frightened, sightless, withered, paralytic old man; who crouched in his seat like one of the Aquarium chimpanzees in its straw, wrapped from neck to heels in a filth-encrusted army overcoat, gibbering and grimacing, lapping his pendulous, alcohol-swollen lower lip, with his loose tongue. His face and his palsied hands were the only things about him that moved. And it seemed a fortunate thing for humanity that they were all of him that was left alive.

Yet this girl of eighteen, fresh-faced, rosy-cheeked, bright eyed, twined her round arm about this satyr's throat as tenderly as if he had been the handsomest of sweethearts.

And seeing us staring at her she stooped and kissed the slavering lips with the bravado of a Bacchante.

To make the contrast more striking, she wore a train dress of pink silk, the evident relic of some theatrical wardrobe, grease-splashed, mud-bedraggled and tattered, but fitting her full form, and looking by contrast with the squalor all around her pure as her fair face looked amid the debased ones which were turned on us from every side.

"It's the old fake's doxy," hoarsely whispered a burly ruffian, with a wooden leg, who was stretched on a bench just inside the door, fumigating himself through the medium of a black pipe, strong enough to draw a loaded truck with. "D—n it, man, set 'em up, or she'll be at ye when the devil born devil she is."

We set them up.

The setting up was performed by a stalwart person of Asiatic origin with a blonde beard and long wavy yellow hair, who took our money first and made sure of its genuineness. This operation led us to notice, in a far corner, a species of bar—a counter the size of a packing case, with a top covered with battered zinc. There were no bottles visible behind it. The "Blind Men" evidently were not trustworthy men, too.

The blonde man fished his supply from some receptacle underneath it, over which a fat woman, with an artificial rose in her shaggy hair and great brass hoop ear-rings, sat guard most vigilantly.

The blonde individual handed our money to her and she dropped it into the cavity between her breasts as if she was posting a contribution to the Irish sufferers.

Everybody drank, and nobody seemed particular what they drank out of as long as it held plenty and wasn't clean.

There were tin cans, tumblers, goblets, beer glasses, china cups, everything, in short, that would hold liquid. And the people who drank out of them seemed specially created to find use for the battered, nicked and cracked receptacles themselves.

It was such a beggar's revel as Victor Hugo describes in the opening of *Notre Dame*; an orgie of squalor, mimic misery enjoying the fruits of its cunning as the hog wallows in its congenial slime.

There were men and women here, or rather the distortions and remnants of men and women, who were as familiar to us as if we had known them all our lives. There was the blind man, with the venerable hair and beard, who fiddles his way about led by his faithful dog. He had a woman's comb jabbed in his long, silvery locks now, and lay back with his horrid head against the swollen breasts of a red-faced woman with a crutch in her lap, who had his battered hat perched on her unkempt hair. They were drinking what passed for brandy out of the same chalice. The faithful dog was earning the need of his day's toil at the expense of a cat in the fireplace.

But to describe in detail this congress of cripples would be to secure for the readers of the *GAZETTE* a nightmare they have certainly not deserved.

It haunts me yet.

The two big pine tables, set together, and littered with the scraps of a meal which reminded me of one of the obscene feasts of the buzzards. The score of figures round it, deformed with the malignant deformity of devils, drinking the liquor whose exhalations made the air drunk like water. The jargon of coarse, weak, shrill and broken voices, mousing the argot of the Parisian slums, larded here and there with those vigorous English oaths the foreigner always learns first. The greasy-chimneyed oil lamps, swinging from the roof with iron chains: beyond, in the red light of the fire, the bar, with the fat woman and her savings bank bust, and the lean children squabbling like umps with the dogs.

And blazing like an angel newly-fallen in this rout of devils, the pink dress, caressing her palsied lover, burying his shameful, shaking head in the clod of her wild, copper-colored hair.

Who was she?

That is just what I have been trying to find out ever since.

Pierre Carre has been the despot of this colony of beggars for upwards of a decade. What rum has left of him in the torturing paralytic rules them still.

He used to navigate himself about the streets in a go-cart, which he propellled by a lever worked with his hands. But when his blood turned to alcohol and his strength gave out, an old woman pushed him about. The crone claimed to be his wife and she certainly came as near to it as any woman can without owning a set of marriage lines.

One night, in a fit of drunken fury, Pierre Carre found enough strength left in his withered arms to strangle her.

The idea of his murdering her, however, seemed so preposterous to the coroner's jury that they returned a verdict of accidental death in defiance of the ten livid marks on the dead woman's throat and of the ten deep pits bored by the beggar king's black nails.

Then Esmeralda turned up.

She came in to "The Blind Men" one night, pushing the go-cart before her as unconcerned as if she had been at that work all her life. She was ragged, shivering under a single calico dress and a thin ragged shawl. But she was all the prettier for it.

"She was a daisy in them days," exclaimed the gentleman with the wooden leg and the pipe, who is an English "codger" with a great contempt for the "foreigners" with whom his lot is temporarily cast. "But the gin's commanding to fetch her now."

It always does fetch them.

And Esmeralda drinks it like soda water or root beer. This and the fact that she is Pierre Carre's daily and nightly companion is about all that the denizens of "The Blind Men" hostelry know of her.

Except that she speaks French and English with equal fluency and is artistically profane in both languages.

From the time she takes the old man up in her arms and carries him like a bundle of dirty rags or a sack of oil up to the mysterious room on the floor above which no one penetrates and in whose fastnesses the mendicant monarch is supposed to have a fortune secreted until she reappears wheeling him into the cellar in his day-car of state, she speaks to no one except to those from whom in the street she craves charity for her poor father.

What link can it be that binds this girl to her revolting paramour? Can it be traced back to some disappointment which overthrew what little reason the woman's unbridled temper had left her and sent her to the gutter on a high tide of gin?

For she has the temper of a devil.

Sometimes she flies into a passion even with her helpless lord and whangs him about the ears like a schoolboy.

But as a rule she finds vent for her temper on the other women and on the children and dogs.

And as the majority of the first are cripples, while the others are too weak to resist, she has come to rule the roost with a rod of muscle and bad language.

Once a nobby young beggar, an aristocrat with one leg and a false blind eye, attempted to make an impression on her.

He attempted to make his impression with his engaging manners. She made hers with a club.

And holding a full hand, clubs proved to be trumps, only the young man spelled it with an h.

There is a belief entertained that Esmeralda is Pierre Carre's daughter, but it has no foundation whatever, except that which is given it by the prolific imagination of the people who have made a fine art of romancing for the benefit of the charitably disposed.

The clock, without a minute-hand, and with a half pound weight for a pendulum, was trying to say it was two o'clock when your artist and myself turned to leave.

The movement was a signal for a general outbreak and a score of voices called to us for charity.

The noise seemed to arouse old Pierre Carre from his palsied lethargy, and he mumbled something which Esmeralda seemed to find intelligible. At any rate she fetched the table a bang with her gin goblet that sent the glass flying in splinters.

"The devil take you all!" she cried in French. "Have not the gentlemen done enough then? Sit down, or by the devil's belly—!"

They sat down without asking her to go any farther into diabolical anatomy.

The English "codger," however, stumped ahead of us under the pretext of opening the door, and tackled us outside in a hoarse whisper, for all alms.

We wouldn't mind giving it if he would tell us something about Esmeralda.

He would if he could. But anathemise his sanguinary optics if he knew much. "All as I does know," he says, "is that a copper once told me she used to walk the cur-stone up in Amity street, and that the old fake got struck down by the devil born devil she is."

He was standing under the gibbet when he said this, and it seemed a pity that the serpentine rope couldn't reach down and twine itself about his filthy throat for destroying our romance.

But it didn't, and we picked our way out through the alley leaving the moon to take a last peep at the hostelry of "The Blind Men" over the fence, and listen to the blind man with long hair saw the "Devil's Dance" out of his cracked fiddle to the accompaniment of trampling feet.

"What are you doing?" I asked of Sketchley.

"Buttoning up my pocket. I'm afraid we might meet a beggar before we get home."

But we didn't.

As the reader has seen, he has better things to do after midnight and knows a trick worth half a dozen of that.

SEASONING.

A WOMAN was the inventor of the hay press. She got the idea from wishing she could be hugged on all sides at once.

TIME 12 o'clock. She: "George, did you exhibit in the dog show?" He: "No; why?" She: "Oh, nothing; only you are such a remarkably fine setter." Exit young man.

An Arkansas ferryman posted the following notice on a tree: "If ennybody comes hear arter licker or to git across the river, they can jes' blow this horn and, ef I don't cum when my Betsy up at the house hears the horn blow, she'll cum down and sell them the licker or set them across the river when I'm away from home. N. B. Them that can't read will have to go to the House arter Betsy, taint but a half a mile there."

Our mothers are exactly like the yell of an Indian. We've got a mind to advertise for bids on this thing and make all hands put up their entrance fee before allowing them to guess. But our readers are a pretty good sort of people and we'll let them off this once. The reason why our mothers are exactly like the yell of an Indian is because they wore hoops. That's the best we ever heard, and we're almost sorry we gave it away.

SPEAKING of Conkling's refusing to take wine, even at a dinner party, recalls the very ancient story of the young man who refused to have his glass filled, though hospitably pressed by his host and hostess. At length they congratulated him upon his abstemiousness, to which he responded: "It's true, I tell you, I never drink wine, under any circumstances—never did, and never will—but if you've got any genuine old sour mash Bourbon whisky on the shelf you might pour me out about four fingers of it."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

How the Affectionate Young Man of the Period Bids His Sweetness Good Night.

VERY HIGH, BUT MUST HAVE 'EM.

The Texan Parson's Manner of Conducting Service and Quieting Interruptions.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW IN COURT.

TEXAS preachers are said to be very eccentric, and their mild unnaturalness has given rise to a great many remarks and a few stories. The following narrative was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me: in fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water, and was in the act of applying it to his lips, when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, rising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber."

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took and, drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

** * * * *

The man who walks at night sees funny things. On Wednesday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, while a fact-stater was cleaning the dimness of Walton street, his attention was attracted by a youthful couple walking at the frightful speed of fifteen minutes to the half square. While he was thinking how long they could keep up this pace without stopping, they stopped within the friendly shadow of a huge bill-board, and the young man clasped the young lady to his heaving bosom and kissed her. Then he looked up and down the street, as though expecting some one who he sincerely hoped would not come, and then suddenly remembering that he had a previous engagement, he turned and embraced his companion in a long, loving, and business-like manner, and then he kissed her. Somehow he seemed to feel that he had not made a complete success, and he kissed her again. Then, as if displeased with his style of work he repeated it in a sort of Emma Abbott way. This struck him as being quite the thing, and he practiced it several times. After a while he stopped kissing the young lady and hugged her. And just here he displayed real genius. He was a master of the art. He showed a perfect familiarity with every possible style. He clasped her gently, then he squeezed her rapturously, then he grabbed her violently—then he embraced her slowly and impressively—then he hugged her as if he had firmly resolved never to go into any other business as long as he lived, and then he thought he heard somebody coming, and they walked off as if nothing in the world had happened. They turned into Broad street, and having joined their friends, the shadows, near Wilson's coal-yard, they repeated the Walton-street performance without any material change of programme. And then they strolled leisurely into Luckey street, between Forsyth and Broad, and in answer to an encore gave another performance of the same description. After this they passed into Forsyth street, and when they neared the First Baptist Church the idea occurred to the young man that he would give a farewell performance. They did so. Both seemed deeply affected, and the unseen audience was almost moved to tears at the extremely touching sight. And then those happy nocturnal closer-to-my-bosom-comes moved silently down Walton street, and the unseen audience of one slowly dispersed.—*At-lapta constitution.*

** * * * *

He was sitting in the wagon in front of a Whitehall street dry-goods store, holding the horses, while she made her purchases. She had just come out to consult him and was standing on the curb-stone.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"W. I. say, them striped stockin's is a dollar a pair in that," she exclaimed.

"Striped snakes and green lizards! What in thunder do ye want with striped stockin's?"

"I wants 'em fur Mary, an' the clerk sez they're the fashin' now teetotally."

"Want 'em fur Mary, do ye? Like blazes! I know ye, old woman. Ye'd tell Mary that she shouldn't war 'em only on Sunday, an' ye'd be up two hours afore day an' hev 'em on yer own shanks every Sunday the Lord sent us along 'ez they lasted, an' never take 'em off till the moon was four hours high!"

"John, if I get up thar in that wagin, I warrant ye!" she said, and she looked stormy.

"Oh, yes, but ye'll hev yer striped socks on fast, wont ye? Ye'll look purty, wouldn't ye, with them posturin' 'em all striped up like a zebry's in a circus—"

"John, of that pliceman warn't over yander I git up ther and take the peelin' off 'n that biled best nose quick—"

"Of koarse ye would! an' do it jest to show all these Atlanta folks wat sort of cotton seed masthers them is that ye want ter rig up in stripes till they'd look like barber-shop poles made inter wooden legs, yer would?"

"Oh! ye jest wait—"

"I'm bound ter wait, kase I'm angshur ter see yer frounce 'round hyar with the striped socks on, ahooldin' yer old black round up two feet high to step over whar some man hez spit, jest to show off yer dollar a pa'r striped leggins! It 'minds me of that dollar yardin' that yer bought two or three years ago, and I hain't seen nary show sence—I'm bustin' ter see yer kavortin' 'round agin like a young kaff at a bumble-bee's mass meetin'! Here's yer dollar—go git yer stripes!"

She didn't take the money, but gathered up her bundles and slung them under the seat, climbed in after them, and as the wagon went out Mitchell street, she was working her mouth in an agony of rage, and feeling around in the straw to find where he had hidden the whip.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

** * * * *

As Warren Otis came parading before the bar a sharp-nosed, firm-jawed woman about fifty years of age rose in the audience and came forward, saying to a meek-eyed little woman behind her:

"Now, Sarah, you come right along, and we'll tell the Judge all about it."

She put on her spectacles and took a long and silent survey of the prisoner, who turned his back to her and gritted his teeth.

"Madame, are you a witness in this case?" queried the Court.

"Are I? Well, I rather think I am. I rather think that this gentle crocus here is my son-in-law, and one of the worst men in this whole state."

"Well, he is here on a charge of disturbing the peace. What do you know of the case?"

"I know all about it. Shall I be in at the time he married my daughter here ten years ago?"

"Oh, no. Begin at 9 o'clock last evening."

"Well, I live in the house with 'em."

"Yes, you crowded yourself in?" exclaimed the prisoner.

She reached out to grab him, but His Honor interposed, and as soon as she could gulp down her anger she went on:

"I had a little plain talk with this fiend last night. He came home puffing a cigar as if he owned the whole city, and I felt it my duty to tell him that we were out of food and fuel, and that he'd either got to go to work or I'd take Sarah away from him. He said I could take Sarah and be hanged, and he ordered me to shut my mouth."

"I never did!" he retorted. "This old woman is the plague of my life. She is a gossip, a fault-finder, and she tells lies."

She reached out for his ear, but he dodged, and His Honor again interferred and asked Sarah what sort of a husband he was.

"Well, he doesn't work much," she replied.

"Work! Where can I get any work?" he cried.

"I tell you, Judge, he's a bad egg," put in the mother-in-law. "After he told me to shut my head last night he threw a chair at me. No son-in-law of mine can do that to me! I went for him with the poker, chased him out, and he was kicking the door in when the officer came up. If he isn't a skulk then I'll never darn another pair of socks."

"And if she isn't an old Jezebel then I'm willing to be sent up for life," he added.

His Honor looked at the wife to see if she had anything to say. She turned the quid of chewing-gum in her mouth over once or twice, heaved a sigh, and went back to her chair. The prisoner was sent up for thirty days, and as the women marched out of court the mother hit the floor with her umbrella with a regular rap! rap! rap! and remarked to a big loafer on the steps:

"Tally again in favor of justice and innocence."

** * * * *

JOHN'S GHOST STORY.—"My soul and body, sir," says John, the guide; "never see such luck in all my life; most as bad as we had two years ago, when we was camped away down East by the head of Martin's River. You remember, sir, the night we saw the little fire in the woods close by, when there was no one there to make it. Very curious that was; can't make that out at all. What was it, do you think?"

"Perhaps ghosts making a fire, John," said I.

"Yes, sir, mebbe; some of our people believes in ghosts, sir; very foolish people, some Indians."

"Don't you, John?"

"Oh! no, sir; I never seed no ghosts. I have seen and heard some curious things, though. I was hunting once with two gentlemen near Rocky River—you know the place well, sir. We were all sitting in camp; winter time sir; pretty late, about bed time. The gentlemen were drinking their grog, and we was smoking and talking, when we heard some one walking, coming up to the camp. 'Hello!' said one of the gentlemen, 'who can this be at this time of night?' Well, we stopped talking, and we all heard the man walk up to the door. My soul, sir, we could hear his moccasins crunching on the hard, dry snow quite plain. He walked up to the door, but did not open it—did not speak, did not knock. So, after a little, one of us looked out. Nobody there; nobody there at all, sir. Next morning there was not a track on the snow, not a track, and no snow fell in the night. Well, sir, we stayed there a fortnight, and most every night we could hear a man in moccasins walk up to the door and stop; and if we looked there was no one there, and he left no tracks in the snow. What was it, do you think?"

"Don't know, John, I am sure," I said. "unless it was some strange effect of the wind in the trees."

"Well, sir, I seed a curious thing once. I was hunting with a gentleman—from the old country, I think he was my word, sir, a long time ago, mebbe thirty years or more. My soul and body, sir, what a sight of moose there was in the woods in those days, and the caribou run in great herds then; all failing now, sir, all failing. We were following caribou, right fresh tracks in the snow; we were keeping a sharp lookout, expecting to view them every minute, when I looked up and saw a man standing right between us and where the caribou had gone. He was not more than 200 yards off—I could see him quite plain. He had on a cloth cap and a green blanket-coat, with a belt around the middle—not a leather belt like we use, sir, but a woolen one like what the French use in Canada; there was braid down the seams of his coat and around his cuffs. I could see the braid quite plain. He had no gun, nor axe, nor nothing in his hands, but just stood there with his hand on his hip, that way; right in the path, doing nothing."

"Our hunting all over, sir, I said to the gentleman; 'we may as well go home.' 'Why, what is the matter, John?' says he. 'Why, look at the man there, right in the track; he's scared our caribou, I guess.' Well, sir, he was very mad, the gentleman was, and was for turning round and going home; but I wanted to go up and speak to the man. He stood there all the time—never moved.

I kind of bowed, nodded my head to him, and he kind of

nodded his head, bowed just the same way to me. Well, I started to go up to him, when up rose a great, fat cow moose between him and me. 'Look at the moose, Captain,' said I. 'Shoot her!' 'Good heavens, John!' he says, 'if I do I shall shoot the man, too!' 'No, no, sir, never mind,' I cried; 'fire at the moose.' Well, sir, he up with the gun, fired and downed the moose. She just run a few yards, pitched forward and fell dead. When the smoke cleared off the man was gone; could see him nowhere. 'My soul and body! what's become of the man, Captain?' I says. 'Dunno, John; perhaps he is down, too,' says he. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'you stop here and I'll go and look; mebbe he is dead, mebbe not quite dead yet.' Well, I went up to the place, and there was nothing there—nothing but a little pine tree, no man at all. I went all around, sir; no tracks, no sign of a man anywhere on the snow. What was it do you think, sir, we saw?"

"Well, John," I replied. "I think that was a curious instance of refraction." "Oh! mebbe," says John.

NOW READY!

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM
AND
CITY CHARACTERS.

The above racy articles, which have been published in

THE

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
OF NEW YORK.

And which created such a large demand for the GAZETTE, and excited universal interest, have been published in book form, with

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

POPULAR ACTRESSES.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

PRICE, - - - 25 Cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

183 William Street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round. Grand Sparring Match by first-class professionals, Male and Female, several times nightly. Great novelty entertainment on the stage, hitting the passing events of the hour and the topics of the men of the day. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

NATIONAL GARDEN.—Variety Theatre, 104 and 106 Bowery, M. HUMMEL, Proprietor. Cheapest place of amusement in the city. Amusing programme every evening. Matinees Saturday. Sacred concert Sunday afternoon and evening. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

BISMARCK HALL, 404 Pearl, cor Pearl and Chatham Streets. Concert every evening at 7:30, under direction of Professor Peterson. 50 Lady Cashiers in attendance. Admission Free.

OXFORD GARDEN, 192 Chatham Square. Concert every evening. Sacred Concert Sunday evenings, 7 P. M. 30 Lady Cashiers in attendance. Admission Free.

LOTTERIES.

222222 00000
22 22 0 0 0
22 0 0 0 TTTTT H H H
22 0 0 0 T HHHHH H H H
22 0 0 0 T H H H H
222222 00000

POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING OF THE COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY.

at
MACAULEY'S THEATRE,

in the city of Louisville, on

MONDAY, MAY 31st, 1880.

These drawings, authorized by act of the Legislature of 1869, and sustained by all the courts of Kentucky, occur regularly on the last day of every month (Sundays and Fridays excepted), and are supervised by prominent citizens of the state.

Only a short time left in which to purchase tickets. Buy at once or you will be too late. 1,960 prizes: \$112,460 distributed. Capitals \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, 10 of \$1,000 each; 1,947 others from \$500 down to \$10.

TICKETS, 2¢ HALVES, \$1.

For full information address or apply to

R. M. BOARDMAN.

Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same person

at 309 Broadway, N. Y. (date of 163 Broadway).

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Chartered for twenty-five years 1868. Confirmed by popular vote and imbedded in the State Constitution Dec. 2d, 1879.

It never scales or postpones.

12th Monthly Grand Distribution, New Orleans, May 11th, 1880. 1,857 prizes; total, \$110,400; capitals, \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, etc. 100,000 tickets, two (\$2) dollars; halves, one (\$1) dollar. For full information apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.; or at 319 Broadway, New York.

MEDICAL.

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

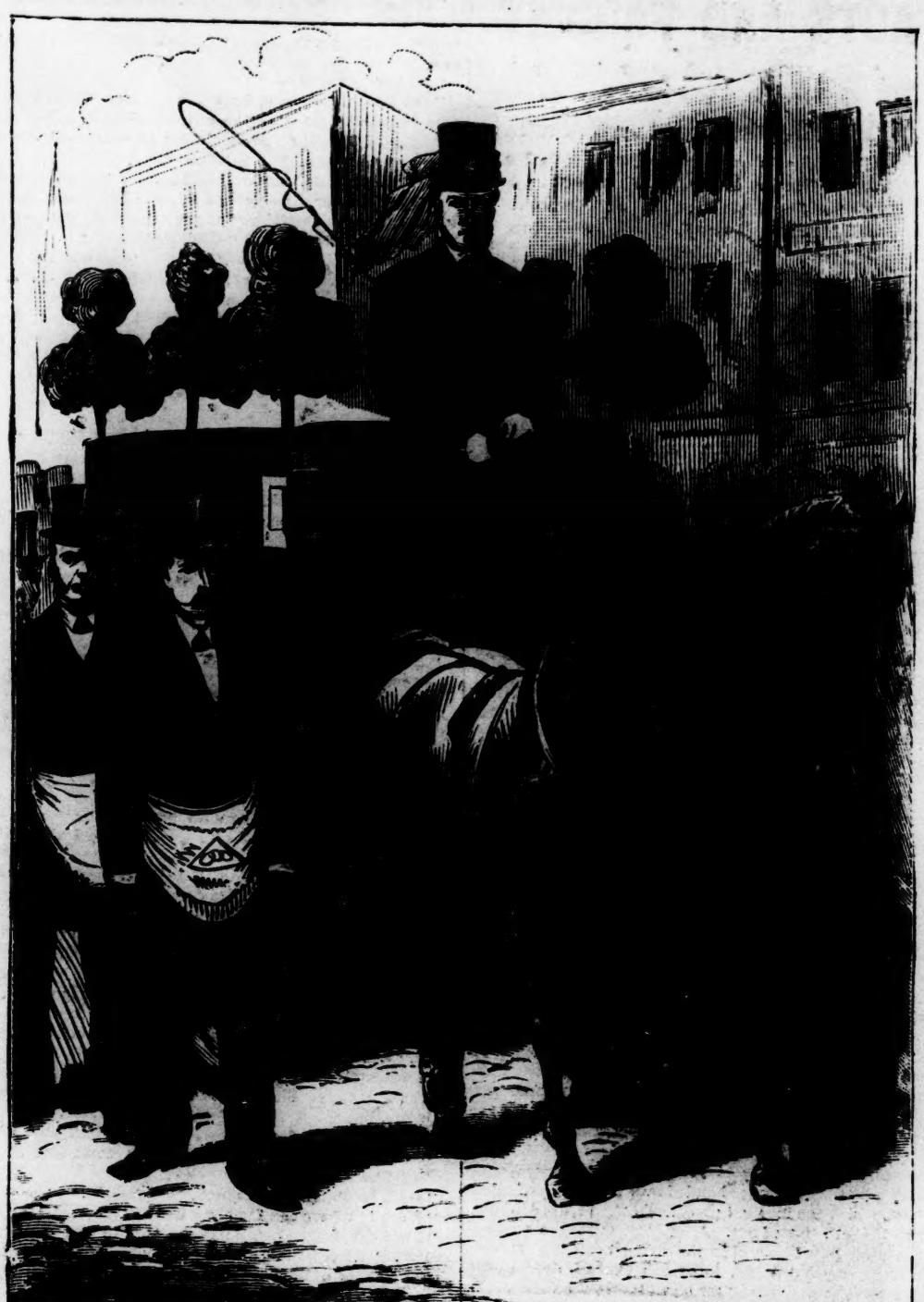
TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT

OF

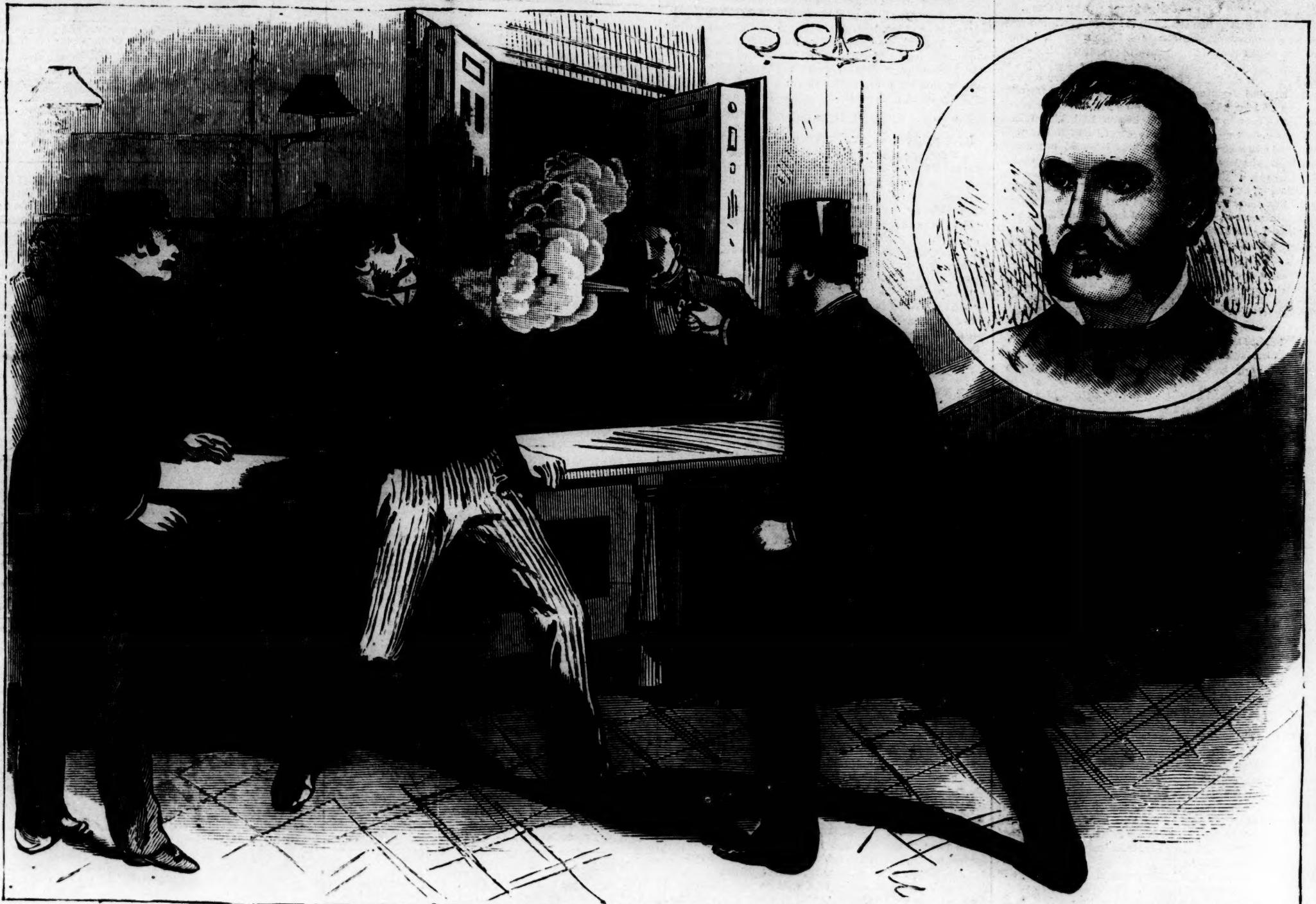
CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.</



CARRYING THE BODY FROM THE OFFICE PREPARATORY TO ITS REMOVAL TO THE MORGUE—JEERED EVEN IN DEATH BY THE MOB.



THE REST IS SILENCE—THE ODD FELLOWS OF SAN FRANCISCO ESCORTING THE BODY OF CHARLES DE YOUNG TO THE GRAVE.



THE KALLOCH-DE YOUNG TRAGEDY.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE OFFICE—YOUNG KALLOCH FIRING THE FATAL SHOT—[FROM TELEGRAPHIC SKETCHES BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 3.]